

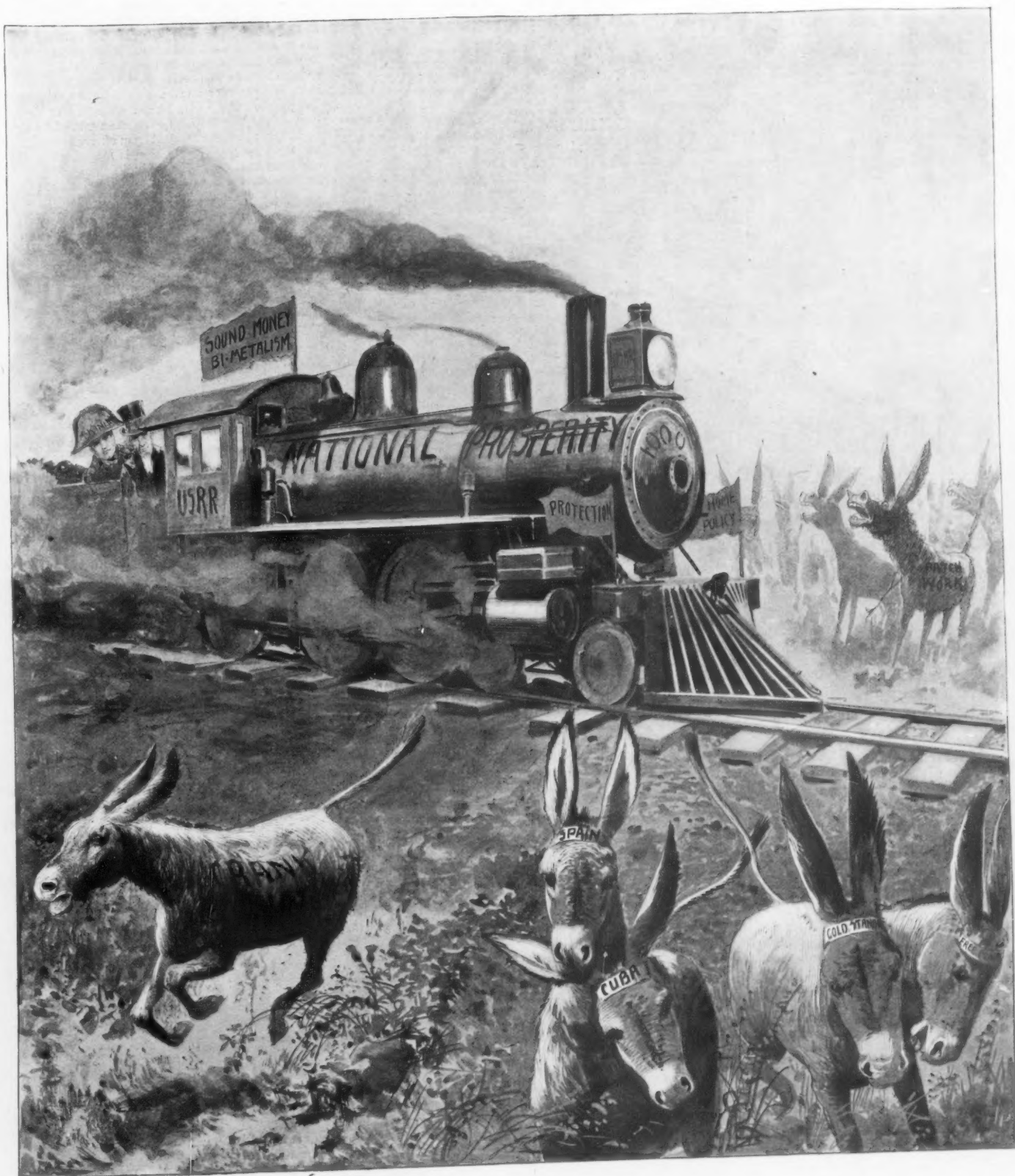
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No. 225 West 11th Street, New York.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1896.

IN THE TRANSVAAL.

A PRETORIA dispatch to the London Daily Telegraph says: "Mr. Chamberlain's message was received by the Transvaal Government to the effect that he did not intend to send further English troops to South Africa. The message has had a good effect. President Kruger in an interview said that he would do his utmost to modify the points of the discussion between himself and England, as he was most anxious to proceed to London, and was convinced that the Volksraad would not object when it understood the necessity for the journey."

Gardner Williams, the American manager of the De Beers Mines, who has been committed for trial before the High Court of Pretoria on the charge of high treason in conspiring against the Government of the Transvaal, by taking part, as alleged, in the uprising of the Uitlanders at Johannesburg, pleaded not guilty in the following written statement:

"The arms and ammunition mentioned in the evidence as being received here were consigned to me by the British South Africa Company with instructions to store the same to their account. Instructions were afterward given to my knowledge by an official of the British South Africa Company, whose name I prefer not to disclose, that a portion of the arms and ammunition be forwarded hence. I did not take part in the arrangements nor was I aware that my name had been used. I did not take out a license for the arms, as I neither removed them nor caused them to be removed. The arms and other military supplies still stored at the De Beers Mines, and of which the Government has taken charge, are the sole property of the British South African Company."

WEALTHY STANDARD BEARERS.

THE Maryland Bankers' Association met at Baltimore April 9. About one hundred and fifty delegates from various parts of the State were present. The session lasted two days, including a banquet on the night of the 9th.

Among those in attendance were James H. Eckels, Comptroller of the Currency; H. W. Cannon of New York, E. H. Fuller of New York, president of the American Bankers' Association; William H. Singerly, president of the Chestnut Street National Bank, Philadelphia; Caldwell Hardy, president of the Virginia Bankers' Association, and H. B. Rushton, president of the Pennsylvania Bankers' Association. When the convention assembled at Sutor Hall, an address of welcome was delivered by Mayor Hooper.

C. C. Homer, president of the Second National Bank of Baltimore, offered the following resolution, which had been indorsed by the Baltimore Clearing-House Association:

"Resolved, That we are unalterably opposed to the free coinage of silver and to every debasement of our

currency in whatsoever form it may be presented. We firmly and honestly believe that the true interests of our country will be best served by its rigid adherence to the gold standard of value, the continuance of which will not only preserve the financial integrity and the future welfare of its citizens, from the wage-earner to the capitalist, but will insure through the prompt restoration of confidence that rapid development of its resources which will eventually place it first among the commercial nations of the earth."

THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.

CAPTAIN-GENERAL WYLER has pardoned Jose Cabrera Roque, the insurgent who was sentenced to be shot April 9.

Maximo Gomez is reported to be encamped at the village of Las Nueces, province of Santa Clara, and will, it is said, continue his march in the direction of Sancti Spiritus.

The insurgents commanded by Zayas, Monteagude and Alvarez recently entered the village of San Juan, in the Remedios district of the province of Santa Clara, during the night, plundered a number of stores and factories and burned fifty-seven houses. The garrison defended the place as best it could, and the insurgents left five killed and retired with their wounded. In retreating the enemy burned all the cane of the Pastora plantation. It is asserted that another filibustering expedition has landed at Bacanao, province of Santiago de Cuba.

MCKINLEY AND THE A. P. A.

THE reported antagonism of the American Protective Association to McKinley's candidacy, because of a snub which the leaders of that order received at Washington from the McKinley managers, apparently grows out of the following incident, which has just come to light. A few weeks ago the Board of Governors of the American Protective Association met in Washington and through Representative Linton (Rep., Mich.) asked for an audience with General Grosvenor. General Grosvenor was tremendously busy and could not then make an immediate appointment; in fact this pressure on his time continued until the Board of Governors was obliged to leave the city.

The McKinley managers are unwilling, however, to lose any votes on this account, and declare that Mr. Grosvenor in no sense represented the McKinley campaign attitude in his unwillingness to see the American Protective Association men. The McKinley people are not throwing away votes anywhere, as their offer of a Vice-Presidency to break up the Reed vote in New England, their effective canvass of the South and the reported negotiations with Senator Quay amply prove. And they cannot be blamed, seeing they have the field against them, for saving all their votes.

LET THEM ALL COME.

THE House Committee on Territories voted April 9 in favor of reporting the bill for the admission of New Mexico as a State. The vote stood six for and four against. Those in favor of the bill were Scranton (Rep., Pa.), Perkins (Rep., Ia.), Lefever (Rep., N. Y.), Avery (Rep., Mich.), Hadley (Rep., Ill.), and Cooper (Dem., Tex.). Those against were Knox (Rep., Mass.), Taft (Rep., O.), Low (Rep., N. Y.), and Owens (Dem., Ky.). Mr. Harris of Ohio was paired with Mr. Harrison of Alabama, and Turner (Dem., Va.) was not present.

The Arizona Statehood bill was laid aside at the request of Mr. Murphy, the delegate from that Territory, who did not desire a vote at once. The bill will probably be taken up at the next session of the committee, and Arizona ought to be ticketed through.

Representative Knox (Rep., Mass.) will prepare a minority report opposing the passage of an enabling act for New Mexico, which the Committee on Territories favored by a vote of six to four. The hand of Platt and Quay is readily seen in the vote of the 9th inst. Mr. Scranton (Rep., Pa.), the chairman of the committee, who at the first of the session did heroic work to prevent favorable action on the Statehood bills has now gone over to the other side, and leads the committee in supporting New Mexico's claim. Of the other affirmative votes that of Mr. Lefever (Rep., N. Y.) reflected the Platt influence.

Mr. Knox's report will present the usual arguments against further extension of Statehood, laying particular emphasis upon the fact that the population of New Mexico is now nearly stationary, although railroads long ago opened the Territory to prospective settlement. While the report will not openly oppose the Territory on the ground of its influence on the silver question, it will nevertheless call attention to the disproportionate strength which the ten mining States already have in the Senate, and the injustice of allowing their preferences to outweigh the more populous East.

The chances of Arizona are not quite so good as those of New Mexico. Representative Hadley (Rep., Ill.), who voted for New Mexico, is against Arizona. Amendments proposed in committee by Representatives Taft, Owens and Knox were all voted down, six to four. It is understood that the Senate will pass the Statehood bill, and that, therefore, the final determina-

tion depends solely upon the action of the House of Representatives. Let them both come in. Why leave them alone out in the cold?

THE NAVAL APPROPRIATIONS.

THE Senate Committee on Appropriations has reported the naval appropriation bill. The principal amendments are as follows:

For testing methods of throwing high explosives from guns on board ship with the ordinary velocities, \$50,000; purchase of additional land adjoining the naval station at Port Royal, S. C., \$5,000; paving streets at the Annapolis Academy, \$31,000; also a provision directing the Board of Visitors to the Academy to examine and report upon the desirability of purchasing additional land for the Academy.

The provision regarding large and swift torpedo boats is changed by reducing the number from five to three and increasing the speed from twenty-six to thirty knots and reducing the cost from \$875,000 to \$800,000.

Instead of ten or more additional small torpedo-boats the number is limited to ten, and their cost is made \$500,000 instead of \$800,000. A provision is added that not more than two of the battleships and not more than three of the torpedo-boats shall be built in one yard or by one contracting party, the contract to be awarded to the lowest responsible bidder. The provision compelling one battleship to be built on the Pacific Coast is modified so as to provide that it must not cost more than five per cent more than the lowest accepted bid. The provision compelling the building of one torpedo-boat on the Pacific Coast is stricken out. The time of making contract is extended from ninety to one hundred and twenty days. A provision is made authorizing the Secretary to contract for the building of two submarine torpedo-boats of the Holland type at a cost not to exceed \$175,000 each, but no action shall be taken until the Holland boat now being built shall be fully tested to the satisfaction of the Secretary and accepted. The appropriation for construction and machinery is reduced from \$7,670,679 to \$7,370,679. The Secretary is authorized to have one of six new gunboats authorized by the last Congress built and furnished for training-ship for the Naval Academy.

The provisions for increasing the marine corps by 500 men, allowing officers of the marine corps the same mileage as officers of the navy, and allowing marine corps officers and men to be carried by certain railroads as officers and men of the army are stricken out. A provision that all officers who have been or may be appointed to any corps of the navy, or to the marine corps after service in a different corps of the navy or marine corps, shall have the benefits of their previous service in the same manner as if said appointments were a re-entry into the navy or marine corps is stricken out also.

SENATOR MANTLE SPEAKS.

IN the Senate April 9 Mr. Mantle (Rep., Mont.) was recognized for a speech on the resolution recommitting the tariff bill to the Finance Committee. There was a special interest in the speech from the fact that Mr. Mantle was one of the five Republican Senators who voted against proceeding with the tariff bill. It was, moreover, his maiden speech of a formal character.

He said he hesitated, as a young and new member of the Senate, to address the body, but the interpretation and misrepresentation which had been indulged in against the representatives of Western interests led him to protest against the unfairness. He protested against the bond-issuing policy of the present Administration. The McKinley Law, he said, was a strictly high protective measure, so high that some Republican Senators now on the floor of the Senate doubted its expediency, and would, if the Republican party were fully restored to power, oppose its re-enactment. But the Dingley bill was not a measure for protection or revenue. It was, he believed, a political measure, and it was framed without due consideration to Western interests.

"There are some Republicans," exclaimed Mr. Mantle, "willing to sacrifice the principles of the Republican party so long as a measure affords protection to certain interests."

The five silver Republican Senators were denounced as "traitors" to their party for failing to vote for the tariff bill, but he denied that the Dingley bill was a Republican measure, and he quoted the statement of Mr. Sherman (Rep., O.) that the bill was strictly non-partisan and was not a Republican measure. If the Dingley bill was a revenue measure, as claimed by its friends, then no manufacture suffered from its failure, as it was protection, not revenue, that was vital to this interest.

In view of these facts, Mr. Mantle suggested that the efforts made to read him and his silver associates out of the Republican party had better be reconsidered by the Eastern press. He declared himself in favor of protection, but not sectional protection. It was a principle too great to be used on behalf of any special interest or any monopoly. It must shield and uphold the West as well as the East.

While he favored true protection, he favored equally bimetalism, the coinage of both gold and silver at a ratio of 16 to 1. He believed also in a bimetalism which did not wait for the action of foreign countries.

ANOTHER THEATER NUISANCE.

THERE is a merry war being waged in Ohio. The passage of what is known as the Fosdick Anti-High Theater Hat bill has roused some of the women of the State and they are up in arms. In Cincinnati, it is said, a plan is on foot for revenge. One lady of that city is said to have outlined the plan as follows:

"We will avenge ourselves by introducing a bill in the Ohio Legislature by which the men will be subjected to as big a snub as the women were. The bill will be drawn up in a few days, with the same provisions and fines to be inflicted upon theater-goers and managers as provided for in the Fosdick bill for each person found leaving his seat during an intermission at the theater or found spitting tobacco juice on the floor."

Our sympathies are entirely with these worthy ladies, although it is hardly to be expected that their scheme will succeed. Of all the incarnate fiends that help to make life miserable, the fiend who goes out between acts "to see a man" is the worst. There may be those who can tolerate him—there may be those who can endure having their toes trampled upon, their hats crushed, their tempers ruffled and their enjoyment spoiled, and to them he is comparatively harmless; but to the normal human being he is an unmitigated nuisance, and some day the long-suffering public will rise in its wrath and smite him.

THE VELVET RUSSIAN HAND.

ARRANGEMENTS continue to be made in St. Petersburg for dispatching a large expedition to Abyssinia on behalf of the Russian Red Cross Society, and money contributions are daily flowing into the offices of the *Novoye Vremya* and the *Moscow Gazette*, the donors, in many cases, stipulating that it shall be devoted exclusively to the service of the Abyssinians, not a kopek for the relief of the Italians. Commenting upon this fact, a correspondent of the *London Times* writes: "Russian sympathy with distant Abyssinia has sprung up during the last few years in a very remarkable manner. To a very great extent, no doubt, it has been worked up by travelers and journalists playing upon the favorite chord of religious affinity with the idea of discovering another *point d'appui* for Russian policy in a part of the world where Europe, and even Russians themselves, never expected to find this country so much interested. The dispatch of this new Russian expedition, which, it is said, is to consist of ten Russian doctors, probably army surgeons, and some eighty nurses and assistants, may be expected to help very considerably toward something more than platonic feeling in the future. The propaganda of spreading belief in the perfect orthodoxy of the Abyssinian Church, and Russia's frequent relations with the Negus and his people by means of travelers and adventurers who have been countenanced or repudiated as best suited the careful or more adventurous policy of the Russian Foreign Office, are interesting movements well worthy of attention."

TO CONTINUE COMPULSORY PILOTAGE.

THE House of Representatives April 9 resumed debate on the bill to exempt sailing vessels engaged in the coastwise trade from compulsory pilotage laws, with the understanding that a vote should be taken on the same day.

Mr. Cooper (Dem., Fla.), the member of the committee who made the minority report against the bill, made an argument in opposition to the measure. The bill, he declared, abolished all that was compulsory so far as the vessel-owner was concerned, but in no wise affected the obligations and burdens placed upon pilots. It would disastrously affect every marine insurance company, would put at risk and hazard the lives of seamen and passengers in order to save a few dollars for the vessels' owners, and would cripple the efficiency of the pilot system in many ports and might completely destroy it in others. The bill was defeated in the House on a rising vote—52 yeas to 117 nays.

INCOME TAX IN FRANCE.

COMMENTING upon the success of the Bourgeois Government in the fight over the French income tax bill, the *London Times's* correspondent in Paris writes: "The successive votes of confidence gained by the Government have no lasting significance, but the principle of an income tax is adopted, and the Government will have to agree with the committee in discovering the method. Meanwhile the Chamber will take a tolerably long recess, which will give the Cabinet time to work up public opinion. It will employ this holiday in inciting demonstrations, coercing waverers, strengthening its supporters, and overcoming opponents by external pressure. Recent events and the attitude of the Radicals and Socialists have shown that intimidation will be resorted to."

"I predicted at the outset of these discussions that the principle of the tax would be inserted in the budget, and I now venture to predict that on the reassembling of the Chamber the committee and the Government will have agreed on a scheme enabling the Ministry to claim a victory while making concessions of form

rather than substance. For one hundred years those who cry out the loudest have had the upper hand, and this is another case of the triumph of the Jacobins. The Moderates cry out at a distance, but they flinch when it comes to a vote. All great transformations have been effected in this way until the reaction breaks out, upsetting everything, and the old story of French history thus begins over again. The income tax is adopted in principle, the Cabinet remains in office, and the poor are told that they will benefit by the scheme. They believe this, they intimidate those who would fain appeal to reason, and they end by occasioning either a Socialist revolution or a Caesarism which destroys liberty on the plea of saving the nation."

BANKING ON MODERATE MEANS.

REPRESENTATIVE VAN VOORHIS of Ohio has been authorized by the Banking and Currency Committee of the House of Representatives to report a bill to permit the organization of national banks with a capital of not less than twenty thousand dollars in cities of four thousand inhabitants. In an accompanying report he will point out that under existing law the minimum capital stock required for the organization of a national bank is fifty thousand dollars. In some sections of the country there has been a growing need for bank issues as well as for other banking accommodations in small towns, in which fifty thousand dollars cannot readily be raised for banking purposes. The inequality in the distribution of national banks, the report will say, is one of the marked features of our national banking system. In the Eastern and Middle States banks are abundant, and in these sections this measure will not operate to any considerable extent. But in the Western and Southern States there is a dearth of banks in many sections, due no doubt to the lack of capital.

BUCKEYE LEGISLATION.

IN CONCURRENCE with the House, the Ohio Senate has passed the bill providing that no voter can hereafter receive assistance in marking his Australian ballot unless he is physically disabled. The new law is virtually an educational qualification, since no man who cannot read can mark the complicated ballot so that it can be intelligently counted.

The Ohio House has passed the anti-treating law. The law says that whoever treats or offers to treat another to an intoxicating drink, or whoever gives or offers to give another person an intoxicating drink, in any place where intoxicating liquors are sold, is guilty of a misdemeanor. One-half of the fine shall go to the informer and the other half shall be turned over to the school fund in the locality where the prosecution takes place.

The Buckeye House rejected a bill to levy a tax of one per cent on all legacies over one thousand dollars.

ROENTGEN RAY HUMOR.

IN an article intended to be very sarcastic the *New York Evening Post* declares that, as the Cuban business has been disposed of, it is time to take up the two remaining wars which imperatively demand our attention—the Abyssinian war with the Italians and the Dervish war with the British. With that elephantine delicacy of humor so characteristic of the *Post* in its flightier moments, the writer proceeds to demonstrate the duty incumbent on Congress to pass an Abyssinian and a Dervish resolution, concurrent or joint, sympathizing with the people and rebuking their oppressors. The humor of the article—for it is humorous, despite its apparent solemnity—is of that subtle, impalpable, *Evening Post* kind that cannot be detected without a Roentgen ray. It is worse than a problem in calculus or a Chinese puzzle. But what matter—it is in the *Post* and nobody pays any attention to the *Post*.

LIABILITY IN VERMONT.

C. H. ROBB has brought an action at Bellows Falls, Vt., against Patrick, William and Michael Drislane, in behalf of the wife and child of Herbert J. Porter, one of three brothers recently convicted of placing obstructions on the track of the Boston and Maine Road near Brattleboro while intoxicated. The suit comes under the personal liability clause of the Vermont prohibition law, whereby the liquor seller is liable to dependents, at the rate of two dollars a day, for the time lost by the person upon whom they depend for support. Porter has been in jail since last October, and has just begun serving a three years' sentence.

ALLEGED DEFECT IN THE RAINES BILL.

THE claim is made that a serious defect has been discovered in the liquor tax bill which will allow the sale of liquor in quantities of five gallons, even in places where no license is voted, and thus destroy local option.

STATE TROOPS ORDERED OUT.

GOVERNOR MCGRAW of Washington State ordered out part of the State militia April 9 because of the trouble between Washington and Oregon fishermen on the Columbia River. He took this action at the request of the sheriff and the prosecuting attorney of Pacific County. His instructions were for the militia to assist

the civil authorities of Pacific County in preserving order and resisting the attacks of Oregon fishermen.

TWO BAY STATE SAMPLES.

THE Massachusetts House has rejected the bill to extend the civil service rules to the employees of counties.

The committee on taxation reported a bill to exempt from taxation in the Commonwealth personal property situated and taxed outside the Commonwealth, and shares of corporations organized under the laws of other States.

ON THE GREAT LAKES.

THE *Cleveland World* is authority for the statement that the year 1896 promises to be one of the greatest in the history of shipbuilding on the Great Lakes. The Lake shipyards will in 1896 turn out over nine million dollars' worth of new tonnage of all sorts. These crafts vary in size from a 75-foot tug to a 438-foot freighter. The greatest number will be of the larger sort.



THE dearth of good American dramas has been so long and so loudly bewailed by the critic and the theater-goer that the reiteration of the plaint has become wearisome. Nevertheless, the desire for good dramatic material of native production is strong within us all, and though we have grown weary of hearing the lack of it proclaimed we hail with hope, at least, if not with delight, every promise of a change. It was in this latter spirit that I welcomed Mr. Walter Sanford's announcement that he would produce at the American Theater a new American play by an American author. The play was "The Law of the Land," and the scene was laid in Louisiana during slavery days. The story dealt with the vicissitudes of a pair of lovers who were separated by the law which forbade the marriage of a slave, and with the almost similar troubles of a slave mother to whom the law denied the right to claim her child.

I am not prepared to indorse all of Mr. Sanford's claims. There was so much old and much-used material in the play that it is difficult to consider it a "new" drama, and as the author modestly concealed his name it is more difficult to verify his claim to being American. Indeed, he is not to be blamed for preserving his incognito, for the play is such a flagrant concoction of ingredients drawn from a half-dozen old and familiar dramas flavored with dashes of end-of-the-century slang, that he would be a brave man who would attempt to father it. Nevertheless, there are some strong scenes in the play, notably the third act, which is a startling and rapid succession of stirring situations. Many of them, to be sure, will not bear close scrutiny, but they serve their purpose and win the sympathy of the audience.

The company which Mr. Sanford has secured is exceptionally good. Miss Busby, Miss Lewis and Messrs. Thompson, Losee, Heron and Mainhall form a strong combination and should make the play succeed despite its many faults. It is a pity, however, that some of them do not make more of an effort to dress in accordance with the style of the period represented.

There is one claim that can be made for plays like "The Law of the Land" that truth will not permit us to make for many a play more pretentious. They are clean and wholesome, and the moral that they teach, if crudely put, is still striking and forceful. They cater to the great public, it is true; but the sympathy of the public is invariably with right and justice, and the inevitable triumph of virtue is always enthusiastically received. In striking contrast are some of the more ambitious plays now running at other theaters and appealing presumably to more cultured audiences than those of the American.

A notable instance is furnished by "His Absent Boy" at the Garden. Here we have a species of play on which I have already commented—a spectacle of a liar of the most depraved kind exhibiting his skill nightly to audiences convulsed with laughter. This estimable creature deceives an innocent and trusting wife, and by a well-conceived plan of deceit draws from her a stated pecuniary allowance which he spends in rioting and carousing, his companion in these debauches being the prospective husband of his daughter. If a more pitiable spectacle of utter depravity than this can be conceived I hope I may not be obliged to witness it. And yet cultured, refined and presumably honest and honorable men and women will not only tolerate but applaud and encourage such a spectacle as this. The temper of the audiences may be readily gauged by the remark of one of our contemporaries, that "the spectacle amuses the audience, and that anything that does must be regarded as a godsend in these days; the question of its morality counts for nothing." A reflection as sudden as it is frank.

COMUS.

MCKINLEYITES MEAN BUSINESS.

In the address of the McKinley League of the State of New York much sharp comment is passed upon the tactics of the "field," especially against Platt and Quay. The League has come out boldly and frankly, with a claim for the support of New York for the great protection chieftain. A part of the address is as follows: "William McKinley is not only the logical but the leading candidate of the Republican party. He is unquestionably the choice of the great mass of voters, the men who pay the taxes and do the work of the country. Unhindered by the schemes of the politicians, Major McKinley would be nominated by acclamation at St. Louis; and he will yet, notwithstanding all efforts on the part of Mr. Platt and Mr. Quay to prevent it, if the honest Republicans of New York State do their duty. William McKinley's opponents in this city and State are, for the most part, the men who have disgraced the Republican party by resorting to fraudulent enrollment and packed primary elections. Mr. McKinley's enemies are our enemies; his friends are our friends; his principles are our principles—the eternal principles of the Republican party."

"The McKinley League of the State of New York was organized at a mass meeting of Republicans held in Cooper Union on Monday evening, March 23, 1896. It was one of the largest party gatherings ever held in that historic old hall. A furious snowstorm was raging, and yet it was said by the police and those outside that hundreds unable to secure admission were turned away. The object of this League is to enable the honest Republicans of this State to express in a practical way their views in the matter of Presidential nominations, which has been denied them in this city and elsewhere by the fraudulent methods of the State machine. It is entirely within the facts to say that three-fourths of the Republicans of this Commonwealth are in favor of the nomination of the great expounder of the protection doctrine, and yet the State machine proposes to go to St. Louis with the majority of the delegates pledged to the support of Governor Morton, who is not, and never was, a serious candidate."

"To offset the action of the machine in its misrepresentation of the party sentiment in this State, it is proposed by the League to send a delegation of at least five hundred representative members of the party from this State to St. Louis. These gentlemen will go at their own expense and speak the honest convictions of the majority. Arrangements are already being made for this party, and two trains are being negotiated for, one on the Pennsylvania and one on the New York Central Railroad. The necessary expenses of this round trip will not be over fifty dollars; possibly less. Those who desire to go will kindly forward their names to this headquarters as quickly as possible."

AS TO GENERAL HARRISON.

Mr. L. C. Michener of Washington spoke in a recent interview as follows: "There is no Harrison organization on foot, and there will be no Harrison movement at St. Louis in the sense of a distinct organization. I have watched these reports of a Harrison movement with a good deal of interest, and the many letters that I am constantly receiving from prominent Republicans all over the country assure me that the public are concerned in it. I suppose I have received fifty letters within the last two days asking what the friends of General Harrison propose to do. Wherever I go the inquiry is the same, and in New York and Philadelphia, where I have been recently, the feeling is especially strong. Now, the meaning of all this is that there is and will be no Harrison organization, but there is a ground swell all over the country in favor of his re-nomination. It does not come from the politicians or from any recognized source. It is merely the sentiment of the conservative business men that Harrison has all the characteristics of a safe President."

"You know," continued Mr. Michener, "when a patient becomes deathly sick the family send for the very best doctor. There may be other doctors up to that time, but when the vital moment comes the very best physician is called in. Now our body politic is at this time in the condition of a pretty sick man. The Republican party has one class insisting on extreme silver; another class on extreme gold; another on a combination of silver and tariff, and still a few who want a low tariff and no silver. In such a condition of party affairs the conservative business sentiment has come to the conclusion that the time has arrived for the best physician to deal with the ailment. They know Harrison, and understand how well he meets the trying needs of the hour. The present Harrison movement merely means that if an emergency arises in which McKinley, Reed, Allison or Morton cannot be nominated, there is one grand old figure in the background who can be relied upon to lead the Republican party to victory next November. No movement is being made to work up this sentiment. It is a spontaneous and reserve sentiment, and I shall not be surprised if it is heard from at St. Louis."

THE INCREASE OF CRIME.

In an address before the Patria Club in this city, April 10, the Hon. Andrew D. White, formerly of Cornell University, presented the following picture of the prevalence of murder in the United States: "To-day, this 10th of April, 1896, I announce to you that there are doomed to death in the United States, in the year which begins this day, over ten thousand persons, who will be executed murderously, cruelly, without opportunity to take leave of those they love; without opportunity to make provision for those depending upon them, and all of this multitude of persons, who have committed no crime, will be put to death without the slightest regard for the fearful distress and sorrow, and, in many cases, beggary of their families. Fully two-thirds of these murders will be due to this easy-going, maudlin sentiment in the community at large, mis-called mercy, but really most fearful cruelty."

Mr. White assigned as particular causes for increase in crime the widespread criminal education of children, by means of dime novels, sensational newspapers, posters and melodrama, and the fact that old and young are confined together in the prisons. He suggested as remedies attention to simple elementary moral instruction

in schools, the preaching in pulpits of righteousness, cleaner journalism, remodeling of prisons, laws against vicious books and pamphlets, and laws providing for habitual criminals. He also suggested the passing of laws for speedier punishments and that State courts should sit frequently to receive statements regarding change or mitigation of punishments.

If we the people do not feel inclined to take hold because it is too much trouble, or because we may fancy the regular criminal procedure is equal to the emergency, perhaps this rather appalling fact may arouse us. The homicides in 1889 in this country numbered 3,567. In 1895 they numbered 10,500. The executions in these same years averaged, respectively, one in forty-five convictions and one in seventy-four convictions. If the murderers for the last six years were in prison, there would be 40,000 of them.

DEATH OF A NOTED JOURNALIST.

Colonel John A. Cockerill, the well-known journalist, died last Friday evening in Cairo, Egypt. He was stricken with apoplexy about half-past seven while in the barber shop of Shephard's Hotel and died about three hours later without having regained consciousness.

Colonel Cockerill was one of the most successful and widely known newspaper men in the United States. He entered the profession when a mere boy, and except for the period when, as a drummer, he was at the front in the Civil War, he continued in it, rising ever higher to positions of greater authority and wider usefulness.

He was born in Dayton, O., in 1845, and his father, a man of substance in his locality, had intended to give him a college education. The commencement of the war, however, altered his plans, and so stirred the boy's



COLONEL JOHN A. COCKERILL.

ambition that, being too young to bear arms, he enlisted as a drummer. At the close of the war he secured employment as a typesetter in the office of the *Scion of Temperance*, of Dayton, and from that drifted into actual journalistic work. He subsequently became one of the clerks of the Ohio Senate, resigning that position to engage, with Clement L. Vollandingham, in the publication of the *Dayton Empire*.

From Dayton Cockerill went to Hamilton, O., where he found employment as general reporter on a paper. His work there attracted wide attention and he was offered a reportorial position on the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, which was then edited by J. B. McCullagh. He accepted the offer and began his career on a first-class newspaper as its humblest reporter. His enterprise in getting news and his bright, snappy way of writing it up soon gained him promotion to the city editorship. He was later made managing editor of the *Enquirer*, and by his energy and enterprise he made it one of the foremost organs in the West. When the Russo-Turkish War broke out he went to the scene of hostilities as special correspondent for the *Enquirer* and materially added to his reputation by his graphic dispatches.

Colonel Cockerill was also successively editor of the *Washington Post*, the *Baltimore Gazette* and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, in all of which positions he acquitted himself with distinction and by his efforts added to the prestige and material prosperity of those journals.

When Mr. Pulitzer took hold of the *New York World* he invited Colonel Cockerill to assume the duties of managing editor of that then moribund paper. The phenomenal success achieved by the *World* under the management of Colonel Cockerill is well known. From the *World* he went to the *Advertiser*, both the morning and evening editions of which he conducted for three years.

Colonel Cockerill went to Japan as correspondent of the *Herald* in February, 1895, and his work there immediately attracted world-wide attention. His dispatches and letters on China, Japan and Corea, and the stirring events of the last few years in those countries, were read with intense interest not only by the general public, but by members of the various legations in this country and in Europe.

In recognition of his distinguished services, in giving to the civilized world an absolutely impartial history of the happenings in Japan, the Emperor of that country, in February last, conferred upon him the Third Order of the Sacred Treasure, an honor seldom accorded to foreigners, and never before bestowed on a newspaper correspondent. Count Ito, on behalf of the Emperor, handed the decoration to Colonel Cockerill before he left Japan, and a special ambassador delivered an address. From the East he proceeded to Egypt, where

he intended to remain as special correspondent to the *Herald*.

Colonel Cockerill had always been a Democrat, although opposed to Free Trade, until 1884, when he became a Republican. He was a member of the Loyal Legion, the Ohio Society, the Republican Club and the Quaint Club, and was president of the Press Club for five terms. He was married, but had no children.

THE TROUBLE WITH NEW ENGLAND MILLS.

The *Boston Journal* has received replies from a dozen or more mill presidents, treasurers and agents to its queries as to whether the recent action of the Lawrence Manufacturing Company in going out of the business of manufacturing cotton goods is an indication that the manufacture of cotton goods is going to decrease in New England; whether the Southern competition is too great; what advantages the South presents over New England, and other similar questions. The gist of their replies is that all coarser goods will eventually have to be made in the South; that the competition of the South on these grades is too great for New England manufacturers, owing to its longer hours of labor, lower wages, cheaper fuel and cotton, and milder climate; that a too low tariff to protect against foreign competition and too many harassing State laws have worked to the great disadvantage of New England manufacturers.

While nearly all agree that the South will absorb the business of the coarser goods mills, there is at the same time an expression of the belief that good Northern mills will continue to find profitable business if not hampered by too much restrictive legislation.

THE NEW CHURCH.

Colonel Ingersoll proposes a new church on these lines: "It seems to me that it would be far better for the people of a town having a population of four or five thousand to have one church, and the edifice should be of use not only Sunday, but on every day of the week. In this building should be the library of the town. It should be the club-house of the people, where they could find the principal newspapers and periodicals of the world. Its auditorium should be like a theater. Plays should be presented by home talent, an orchestra formed, music cultivated. The people should meet there at any time they desired. The women could carry their knitting and sewing, and connected with it should be rooms for the playing of games, billiards, cards and chess. Everything should be made as agreeable as possible."

A MEMORY OF BLAINE.

Word has been received at Bridgeport, Conn., to the effect that the Russian Government has agreed to pay to Herman Kempinskie forty-five thousand rubles, or about forty thousand dollars, in settlement of an action for one hundred thousand rubles.

Kempinskie, who is an American citizen, was seized, about eight years ago, while traveling in Russia, and thrown into prison, the charge against him being that of having escaped military duty. He was incarcerated for eight months, and the case attracted international attention. James G. Blaine, while Secretary of State, finally secured his liberation, and he returned to Bridgeport, but he suffered from an affection of the eyes which cost him his sight later.

Papers were sent to Russia by his attorneys in substantiation of his claims, and they have received from Mr. Nicholas C. Giers, Minister of Foreign Affairs at the Palace at St. Petersburg, information that the sum named had been granted.

A MARKED MINISTER.

The feature of the Methodist Episcopal Conference proceedings at Springfield, Mass., April 10, was the failure after two ballots to elect the sixth and last delegate to the General Conference at Cleveland, and the strong suggestion as the result of this failure of an A. P. A. influence.

The candidate against whom this influence seemed to have been directed was Dr. C. F. Rice of Cambridge, who on the floor of the conference opposed the motion to have "a Committee on Romanism" appointed. The other candidates were the Rev. Dr. G. F. Eaton, the Rev. Dr. F. Warren and the Rev. G. W. Mansfield.

Dr. Rice had sixty-two out of one hundred and fifty-three votes on the first ballot, and sixty out of one hundred and sixty-one on the second.

AGAINST DIVORCE IN THE MINISTRY.

The Virginia Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church at Richmond, Va., April 10, drew the line on candidates for the ministry who have been divorced. Bishop Gaines of Georgia, who presided over that body, refused to admit Prince Howard and J. L. Jones, who were divorced from their wives and remarried. The Bishop informed them that the colored Methodist Church had no place for men with more than one living wife. In addressing the young ministers of the conference, Bishop Gaines told them to conduct themselves prudently with women, and urged them to be careful in the selection of wives.

MISSOURI DEMOCRATS FOR SILVER.

Up to and including April 10 ninety-two Democratic county conventions were held in Missouri to select delegates to the State Convention at Sedalia, which met April 15. Delegates instructed for free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, 342; instructed for gold standard, none; instructed to vote for Stone, Bland, Vest and Cockerill for delegates-at-large to Chicago, 255; instructed to vote for a solid free silver delegation to Chicago, 301; uninstructed, 3. Three wards in St. Louis send sound-money delegates, and two are reckoned upon from other wards to vote for the gold element.

DON'T LYNCH.

The Ohio Senate has concurred in the Smith anti-lynching bill, and it is now a law. It makes any county whose officials permit a lynching liable to the family of the victim for damages.



THE CAMP OF GENERAL GORDON, WITH THE BARRACKS, APRIL 25, 1895



A View of the Great Bridge at Khartoum, the Capital of the Sudan, with the Barracks of General Gordon, as seen from the Nile, Jan. 26, 1895

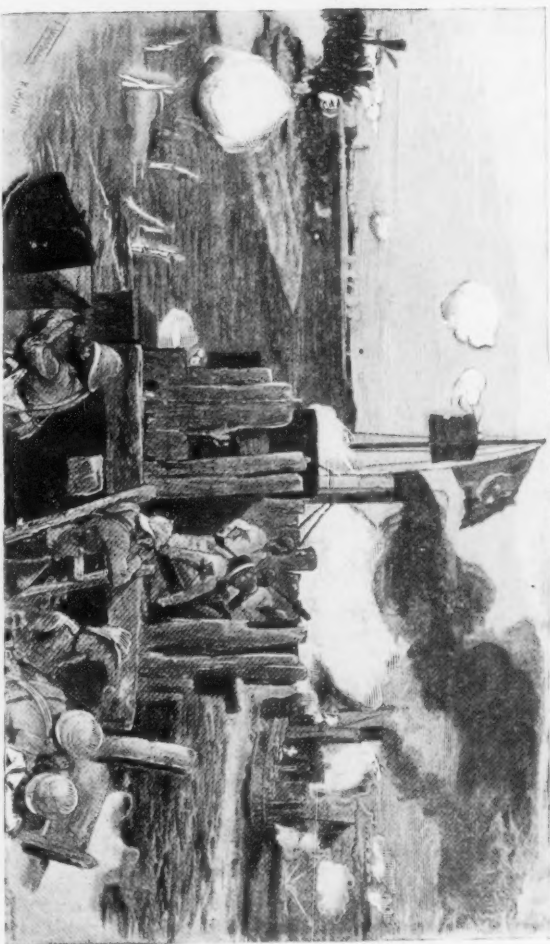
ENGLAND'S FORMER CAMPAIGN IN EGYPT.



THE NILE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON, GOING PAST THE SECOND CATARACT



THE TOWN AND HARBOUR OF SOUDAN



THE ATTEMPT TO RESCUE GENERAL GORDON, SIR CHARLES WILSON TRYING TO RUN THE GUNNERS AT KHARTOUM, JAN 26, 1895

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE SOUDAN.

THE announcement that Sir Herbert Kitchener, Sirdar of Egypt, who commands the Soudan expedition, has selected for his chief lieutenant Slatin Pasha, is interesting, for it means the re-entry into Egyptian public life of a strikingly picturesque personality. The career of this man forms one of the most absorbing chapters of adventure ever told. It was only last year that he escaped from the Mahdist headquarters at Omdurman, after eleven years of captivity.

Rudolph C. Slatin is an Austrian. When a very young man he conceived the idea of visiting Egypt, and extended his travels into the Soudan region. He happened to fall in with the famous German explorer, Dr. Emin, who offered to bring him to Lado to see "Chinese" Gordon, then Governor of the Equatorial provinces. Slatin, however, was a member of the Austrian Army, and his leave of absence being about to expire, he had to decline the invitation. Dr. Emin promised him that he would speak to Gordon in his favor, and this bore fruit some years later. Slatin returned home, and finally became a lieutenant in the regiment of the Crown Prince of Austria. In 1878 General Gordon wrote to him, suggesting that he might obtain a place under the Khedive if he came out to Egypt. He was not, however, able to avail himself of the chance for some months later, when, upon his transfer to the reserves, the military authorities acquiesced in his request for leave to return to Africa. Early in 1879 he reached Khartoum and entered upon his long and eventful career as an Egyptian official by assuming, under Gordon, the post of Financial Inspector, from which he was promoted Mudir of Dara, and finally Governor of Darfour.

When, within a few years, troublous times came upon Egypt, Slatin was performing great feats in opposing the advance against his province of the victorious Mahdi. Kordofan was already conquered, and a horde of Arab fanatics, wild for further success, was making for Darfour under the irresistible green banner. Their final goal was Khartoum, where Gordon was isolated with his weak garrison. Slatin was poorly supplied, so far as numbers went, but he had an amount of sagacity, dash and courage which stood him in good stead. He was also under the impression that General Hicks, who was following up the Mahdi from the east, would probably beat the Arabs and so render his own task easier in the westerly region of Darfour. Governor Slatin fought all over his province, battling with the insurrectionists who, now in one place and now in another, were springing to arms in anticipation of the Mahdi's coming. Enduring the most intense fatigue, living on almost nothing, and subject to every kind of exposure, by night and day he kept up the fight; but although he had nearly thirty encounters with the rebels, to stamp out revolution was impossible, because the spirit of fanaticism was at fever heat.

No news came of Hicks and his army, and Slatin found that his own munitions were fast running out. Then he dispatched a courier to the Mahdi offering to cease hostilities if it was agreed that he would be unmolested. Thus he hoped to gain time until Hicks could overtake the enemy; but when the latter and his whole force were wiped out by the Mahdi, and the Soudan echoed to his name, the Governor of Darfour foresaw the end. A demand for his surrender came from the Mahdi, his troops mutinied, there was hardly a cartridge remaining, and Slatin was forced to accept the inevitable by giving himself up. He was carried a prisoner to Khartoum with the rebel army and saw the fall of the city. The Arabs discovered in his clothes a letter, addressed to Gordon, and this resulted in his enduring further hardships; iron rings were put round his ankles and neck, and he was loaded with a ponderous chain. While lying on the ground in this condition the morning the city was taken, Slatin was horrified by the approach of some soldiers, who took the head of General Gordon from a cloth and held it up before him.

Slatin was always a good diplomatist, and he now showed his adroitness by deceiving the Mahdi into the belief that he might be useful to the holy cause. He saw that the Mahdi's power, and the prospect of his own continuance as a captive, were both pretty well assured, and as he realized that while there is life there is hope, he resolved to temporize. Suddenly he had "a great awakening" to the divinity that hedged the sacred emissary of Allah; the beauty and the spiritual comforts of the creed of Mahomet were revealed to him, and he became prostrated in lowly adoration. The Mahdi looked on approvingly, and when Slatin finally petitioned that he be received into the fold of the faithful, and even desired to devote himself to the mundane service of the Prophet's successor, and to atone for all his past misdeeds as an infidel, there was exceeding joy over the repentant sinner. He was commanded to appear before the Mahdi, who, after a long examination, decided to accept him as a militant disciple. Therefore Slatin was attached to the forces under command of Abdullah, the Khalifa, who is now Mahdi himself; and all seemed well. The war with the Egyptians was over, and Slatin knew that he would not have to fight against them.

Omdurman, a place near Khartoum, was now the headquarters of the Mahdi. A vast array of tents covered the plain. Filth and noise were universal, and when the fires near the tents were blazing after dark it seemed as if the whole surface of the country were aflame. The tents of the Emirs were marked with flags, and a perpetual din was kept up outside, night and day, by the beating of the war drums, which, with the neighing of the innumerable horses and the ordinary noises of a whole nation of men, women and children, produced a general effect which may be imagined. There were other white prisoners at Omdurman besides Slatin—two priests named Obrwalder and Bonomi, one an Austrian and the other a Tyrolean, and four nuns, who had belonged to a missionary station in the Nubia Hills. Another prisoner was Karl Neufeldt, an Austrian doctor who had once practiced at Assuan, in Egypt, and was afterward an interpreter to the English troops. He had gone into the Soudan with a caravan, upon some special reconnoitering expedition, and fell into the Mahdi's hands through the treachery of an Arab guide. Of these prisoners, Father Bonomi was the first to escape, in 1883; but the Arabs were so

annoyed that they guarded the others with redoubled vigilance, and six years passed before Father Obrwalder and the nuns were able to steal away to Khartoum, where camels, sent by Major Wingate of the Anglo-Egyptian service, in charge of a loyal native, awaited them. Their wild ride across the desert to the Egyptian outposts—five hundred miles distant—has been thrillingly described by Father Obrwalder himself.

Slatin's life under the present Mahdi, the Khalifa Abdullah, was a series of ups and downs. He was sometimes given command of expeditions against tribes whom the Khalifa suspected of disloyalty, only to be next day degraded and imprisoned, or transformed from a military leader into a domestic servant. Then he would be reinstated quite as capriciously, and sent up even higher than before. He never discovered the causes of these mysterious promotions and reductions. At another time he was ordered to indorse, in his own handwriting, a letter the Khalifa had addressed to his family in Vienna, recounting Slatin's change of faith and passionate devotion to his new environment. To counteract the possible effect of this mendacious epistle he was obliged to exert all his ingenuity to smuggle contradictory messages to Egypt. He has told of a curious incident which occurred in December, 1892. The Khalifa one day sent for him and gave him a metal capsule, telling him to open it and translate the contents of a letter it contained. Inside the capsule were two papers covered with writings in English, German and French, which repeated in each language the statement that the capsule had been tied to the neck of a crane at Tskanea Nova, Taurida, Russia, by one Herr Falz-Fein, and the bird set loose, in July, 1892. The finder was asked to write, giving the time and location of the crane's capture. The bird had been killed at Dongola, on the Nile, five months after its start from Southern Russia. After his final escape, Slatin wrote to Herr Falz-Fein, who must have been astonished at the strange circumstances under which the message was found and read in the Soudan wilds.

Slatin Pasha eluded his captors in February, 1895, being aided in his escape by Eyail, a Soudanese trader, who had been sent money for the purpose. They managed to descend the Nile and traverse the desert in safety. There is yet another white slave in the Mahdist camp at Omdurman. This is the Austrian doctor, Karl Neufeldt, and it was rumored about a year since that Captain Coyle, a relative of Neufeldt, and an ex-officer in the English service, was preparing to visit Egypt for the purpose of rescuing him. Coyle was a resident of California, and had seen active service in the Soudan.

There is something more than strange in the combination of circumstances which restored Slatin Pasha to liberty, after a weary bondage of eleven years, just in time to re-enter the Soudan at the head of the very first army of invasion which has come against his oppressors. Is it the finger of fate? May the Khalifa see in this the writing on the wall? KURIOS.

WINTER IN SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

THE four weeks of February proper were a season of unclouded skies, a succession of most delightful, balmy, spring-like days. On but three or four occasions, during the entire month—prior to the 29th—did I have a fire in my sitting-room, even on evenings, so delightfully warm was it. The morning of the 29th, however, ushered in a change. Cloudy skies, some rain and raw winds were the characteristics of the next few days. On the morning of the 3d of March, after a night of steady rainfall in the valley, we of San Jose looked out upon a wintry scene hewing us in, though the valley itself shone like an emerald in its snowy setting of whitened hilltops. In many places the glistening snow descended, in a soft, half-white shading, far adown the green hill-slopes of the Mount Hamilton and Santa Cruz ranges.

San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley and other "Bay" cities had several inches of snow, the first in nine years. San Jose had none at all—we had a little hail—nor could we reach the snow without driving several miles to the foothills, though seemingly it (the snow) lay almost at our doors.

Los Gatos—our neighbor town ten miles southwest—had no snow in her valley levels; but lying as she does in a small, nearly circular bight of the valley—valley now, but bay once, when San Francisco Bay extended clear to the mountains—an arm of the main Santa Clara Valley, inclosed with a horseshoe-shaped rim of encircling hills, the town has outspread the bounds of the small valley, and, in places, reached the very tops of the surrounding hills. On these there was snow. Johnson's Hill, a bold declivity terminating the horseshoe on the northeast, lay gleaming in the sunshine, its snow-crowned head upreared in easy reach of the pupils of the public school, many of whom had never had snow in their hands, nor seen it at all, save as the crown of distant peaks.

So frantic were the pupils to actually see and feel snow for themselves, and to indulge in the delights of snowballing—real snowballing—that, on consultation, the schools were given a half-holiday, after opening exercises, and teachers and pupils scaled the hill to take a practical lesson in natural science, to study the snow-crystals with glasses, and to otherwise improve the unwonted opportunity.

Two young gentlemen living a couple of miles out of Los Gatos, high up in the hills, filled a wagon-box full of small snowballs—"white oranges" they called them—and hitching on four horses, drove into the village to inaugurate a "carnival" of their own. Fun ran riot. Everybody was pelting and being pelted with the glittering "fruit." Its novelty made it most enjoyable. San Jose did not fare so well(?) in that respect, as we are too far from the foothills, or, possibly, because no one here was inspired to do as the two young men did at Los Gatos.

The fine mountain road from San Jose to the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton was badly blocked for a couple of days—drifts seven and eight feet in depth form quite formidable barriers when one is unaccustomed to surmounting such difficulties.

The snowfall was followed by more rain and light frosts—nothing damaged except Moorpark apricots—they are very tender. The March rains inspire fine

crops. Everything is forging ahead with a rapidity of growth quite phenomenal to an "Easterner," the green of both hill and valley "snow-bedecked" in riotous profusion—the bloomage of countless fruit trees.

Santa Clara County's "Carnival of Roses," to be held in San Jose May 6-9, will be a feast of delight to all flower-lovers. Social clubs (of which there are many), civic and other societies, schools, the various towns throughout the county—in fact, everything and everybody—seem intent on making this a grand success. Floats already arranged for and well under way, with their attendant paraphernalia, will make a procession of several miles extent, the whole a scene of artistic beauty.

No better time can be selected to visit California than to come here in May to the "Carnival," then go to Mount Hamilton and look through the monster telescope—this trip is doubly enjoyable in spring, before the annoying dusts of midsummer—take in the various lovely spots hereabouts, and about the last of May or first of June visit the Yosemite. Our party—now forming—expect to leave San Jose about the date mentioned, driving all the way. Many prefer cars and stages. All can be suited, and none can feel otherwise than repaid for all expenditures of time, money and nerve-force, by the wonderful scenic beauties of the far-famed Yosemite Valley. A. A. STOWE.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

WHY does the gold flow outward? How shall the outflow be stopped?

Though we are not doing much of either, we are exporting more commodities than we are importing, but foreigners are sending back American securities instead of gold to settle the balances against them. Owing to an alleged lack of confidence in American securities, Europeans are unloading them *de novo* upon this country and getting their pay in gold or its equivalent—the Treasury notes and greenbacks redeemable in that coin at the Sub-Treasuries. Importers do not pay customs duties in gold, unless it is in gold received in exchange for Treasury notes from ourselves. It is easy to see, then, why the gold is crossing the water every few weeks.

I challenge the right of Europeans to take our gold in this way, and to demand it for these reasons. Our balances to foreign countries are paid in gold. Their balances to us ought to be paid in the same coin—money of the world, but they are not. Why, they are not paid in legal tender paper money even. Railroad stocks and bonds are the current money of settlement. They are thrown upon the American market. Europeans do not want them. They will keep their gold and give us these stocks and bonds representing water, dishonesty and financial wreckage. Nice money of settlement, that! Who owes the European anything on these stocks and bonds? Reading? Atchison? Perhaps. But not we, the people of the United States.

Still, you say, these securities held abroad are sold in the Street and we cannot help their being converted into gold. Certainly, we cannot. The American speculator buys them, and the banker-agent of the European buys them, and gives the Europeans American gold in payment. But if American investors refused to buy them, or handle them at all in the way of speculation for a while, we would get gold instead of them. Would we not?

But would this be honest? Would we not be dishonoring our own people? No; not we, the people. This is all speculation. These stocks and bonds are thrown at us to empty the Treasury of its gold. They are used in consummating the international swindle begun upon this country by the unconditional repeal of the Silver Purchase Law. The American banker or broker who pays gold for them is lending himself to that scheme. If these securities are thrown upon the market, let them stay where they are thrown. We have no gold to spare. It is not absolutely essential to the prosperity of this country that stocks and bonds not wanted in Europe should be bought here. Is it? Who will lose anything if they are not bought with our gold? The railroad properties they represent are still in the same place; slightly disfigured, but still there. Let them alone.

Then re-enact the law making customs duties payable in gold alone, and not with gold taken from the Sub-Treasury—said gold to be paid out only in settlement of foreign balances against us. Raise the tariff all along the line, thus giving to the Treasury a larger percentage of the total gold paid out for imported goods.

We are thrown upon the defensive at present, and must fight with weapons as effective as those our opponents wield. If they can buy American railroad stocks and bonds at their own risk and then attempt to unload them at the risk of our Treasury, we can afford to answer their alleged want of confidence in American railroads with the frank admission that we don't stand between the rails ourselves with the utmost confidence, and that we are not in a position to exchange the gold reserve for a part interest in either Reading or Atchison.

It is easy to see that our people can stop this outflow of gold if they will. The plainest and easiest way is usually the right way. As I have several times pointed out in these columns, we must keep our imports below our exports; then the gold balance will be in our favor, and we can stand the gold standard as long as Europe can—perhaps longer. The people have kept down their imports—then why is it not our gold balance instead of the foreigner's? A few speculators and stool-pigeons in Wall Street are buying railroad stocks and bonds held in Europe with American gold, and not only paying the balance that is in our favor, but sending gold by the shipload "back home" besides. Europeans are getting desperate and are unloading our railroad securities! But don't be alarmed. They are not dumping Morris and Essex or Lake Shore or Lackawanna or any of that class. The dumping is confined to stock of one and two figures—mostly to stock of one figure. They would rather have Lake Shore than gold; but they prefer gold to Atchison and Reading. Is not the same privilege ours? Why is it dishonest for us to do this? And, if we leave those dumped securities just where they are dumped, think you the outward flow of gold will not be checked? Let us try it. LEONIDAS.

SPAIN AND THE STRUGGLE FOR CUBAN INDEPENDENCE.

THE closing years of the nineteenth century present, in relation to the existing struggle for independence in Cuba, indisputable proof that in one direction at least—that of adopting civilized methods of warfare—the progress of this boasted age of civilization is but “a mockery, a delusion and a snare.” The savagery which characterizes the war, as conducted by Spain in that unfortunate and devoted island, differs in nothing but the lack of greater opportunity from that which prevailed in the last century, when the Spanish Bourbon ground under the iron heel of oppression and tyranny the liberties of Naples and Sicily, or when, about the same period, the mailed hand of England grasped with remorseless hold the throat of her American colonies, in a vain effort to stifle their struggling aspirations for freedom.

History, it is said, repeats itself. The ferocity which marked the “letting slip the dogs of war” in the last century is, according to authorized records, the ruling spirit of the dominant party in Cuba to-day. On two occasions recently dispatches were issued by the official censor at Havana, in one of which it was stated that “Colonel Moncada reports that his command, while reconnoitering in the Siguanea Valley, destroyed one hundred houses which the insurgents were using as infirmaries and workshops. In the fighting eight rebels were killed.” In the second dispatch it was officially announced that “General Barges reports that he has captured an insurgent camp near Guantanamo, Province of Santiago de Cuba. In the fighting the insurgents lost six killed and four wounded. Twenty-five prisoners were taken, twenty-one of whom were women and four men. The women were acting as nurses. The troops destroyed all the equipments, medicines and effects found in the camp.” And this is the style of warfare which Christian Spain carries on to-day! The destruction of the insurgent hospitals, the butchery in cold blood of the wounded occupants, and the arrest of devoted and self-sacrificing women in the discharge of the duties of their patriotically inspired mission of charity.

If there were anything needed to confirm one in a belief in the oft-repeated expression, that “the Bourbons learn nothing and forget nothing,” we find it in a newspaper paragraph which informs us that King Bomba’s two grandsons, Princes Ferdinand and Bourbon, Duke of Calabria, and Charles, sons of the Count of Caserta, volunteered to help Spain oppose the Cubans; and have just received, on General Weyler’s recommendation, the Cross of San Fernando crowned with laurel. This is in accordance with “the eternal fitness of things.” The atrocities which mark the course of Spain at the end of the nineteenth century are in perfect harmony with the Bourbon regime, of which the execrable Bomba, the progenitor of these gallant princes, was so worthy a representative. The traditions of the house might well be said to have furnished the needed inspiration, and it will be instructive in this connection to turn for some light to the pages of Bourbon history.

In 1759, King Charles of Naples and Sicily succeeded his father, Philip V., on the throne of Spain, as Charles III.; and in 1763 he ceded Florida to the English, in exchange for Cuba. His son Ferdinand succeeded him on the throne of Naples as Ferdinand I. When the principles of the French Revolution spread over Italy a rising took place in Naples which culminated in the formation of what was known as the Parthenopean Republic. Ferdinand fled to Palermo, when, after the lapse of a few weeks, reverses having overtaken the French Republic, the Parthenopean Republic collapsed, and Naples surrendered to the combined fleets of England, Russia and Turkey. The capitulation was signed by the representatives of the Allied Powers, and guaranteed to the Republicans their lives and property. But Ferdinand violated the compact, and broke faith with the Neapolitans; mock trials were held, and the most sanguinary methods employed by way of punishment.

Over thirty thousand perished during this reign of terror; the scaffold reeked with the blood of its victims, bands of miscreants wearing the badge of authority went from house to house bent on pillage and murder, and those who escaped death were confined in dungeons scooped out of rocks, so small in extent as to render standing or lying at length an impossibility; while moldy bread and foul water was their only nourishment.

Ferdinand was succeeded by Francis I., whose cold-blooded cruelty was unsurpassed. He confined political prisoners, men of the highest rank, in the Bagnio di San Stefano, where each one was chained to a galley slave, his daily rations thirty-two beans boiled in water and seasoned with a little rancid oil, a pint and a half of water for washing and drinking being allowed, while his bed was the bare stone floor with one blanket of asses’ hair for a covering.

Francis I. was succeeded by Ferdinand II., sometimes known as the “Butcher King,” from his brutality to his subjects, but more generally as “King Bomba,” on account of his unnecessary bombardment of Messina and other cities. He was the great-grandfather of the gallant young princes whose active participation in the effort to crush the spirit of freedom in Cuba to-day the Spanish Government, on the recommendation of the butcher Weyler, has honored with the decoration of the Cross of San Fernando.

A few of the inspiring instances of cruelty offered by their great progenitor are worth narrating, if only to show how faithfully the spirit of Bomba influences the actions of his descendants. In 1848 disturbances arose between the King and his Parliament relating to a promised constitution which resulted in the throwing up of barricades in the streets of Naples. The troops were ordered to fire on the people, and the guns of the Castle were turned on the city. The barricades were soon carried, and the soldiers proceeded to slaughter all they could find even in the houses of those who had taken no part in the conflict. Women and children were thrown from windows, to be caught on the bayonets of the soldiers below; the sick and wounded were burned in their beds; the lazzaroni followed the soldiers as they went from house to house, to pillage and carry off whatever the latter had left. The slaughter had

begun before noon, and it was night ere it ceased—the King refusing to sign an order to stop the massacre.

In September of the same year Bomba sent an expedition under General Filangieri against Messina in Sicily, and after five days the insurgents had to yield for want of ammunition. Instead of accepting the capitulation, Filangieri, afterward known as the “Butcher of Messina,” renewed the attack on the defenseless people and urged his soldiers to every possible atrocity. Men, women and children were slaughtered indiscriminately; churches, monasteries and houses were fired, and the soldiers went so far in their brutality as to fasten the doors of the hospitals and burn the wounded to death. Against this atrocity Bomba uttered no word of remonstrance, and it is only what may be supposed that his descendants were actuated by a hereditary instinct of cruelty, when they drew their swords in defense of the barbarism of a bygone age, which finds in Spain its only representative among the civilized nations of Europe. The bloody butchery, officially admitted as being practiced on defenseless prisoners and innocent women and children in Cuba to-day, is a blot upon the civilization of the age; and the volunteer service which has helped thus far to maintain it is alone worthy of a Spanish Bourbon.

Of the native ferocity of the Spanish character there is little doubt. Jefferson, the veteran actor, in his “Autobiography” seems to have been impressed with it on the occasion of witnessing a dramatic performance some years ago at Callao; for he says: “The audience were very much amused, and I noticed that their glee was at its height when any one suffered physical pain.”

But this is no apology for Spain—one of the great family of Christian nations—that almost at the threshold of the twentieth century she is so far behind the age; so opposed to progress and so dead to the humanizing and civilizing influences of the times as to cling with tenacious ferocity to a system of warfare worthy only of the Red Indian on the warpath, and be the representative of all that is cruel, bloody and savage in her efforts to crush the spirit of freedom in a people who realize the fact

“That to be free themselves must strike the blow.”

The Spanish soldier of to-day in Cuba is what the British soldier was on American soil one hundred years ago. The history of that struggle for Independence affords many illustrations of cruelty, fully on a par with the Spanish atrocities in Cuba; but they belong to the past century and would not now, in the eyes of the civilized world, be permitted, even if the same opportunity were offered. Take, for instance, the massacre at Groton Heights and Fort Griswold in Connecticut, when the traitor Benedict Arnold, at the head of three thousand troops, inaugurated a carnival of blood and carnage and laid waste the country around New London and his native city Norwich in 1781. This was the last expedition which was intrusted to Arnold, and though we have no evidence that he was suspended as a consequence of the brutality which marked his raid into Connecticut, it is worthy of note, by way of contrast with Spain, that the barbarity which characterized the warfare of that period is, with the British soldier, a thing of the past; and that where war becomes a real or assumed necessity, the code prescribed by the civilization of the present day is strictly adhered to.

To Spain, therefore, belongs the odium of maintaining a close adherence to methods of warfare which would do honor to the time of Attila. Her savage attempts to crush the patriots of 1895-6 lack none of the ferocity which has, at all times in the history of the “Ever faithful Isle,” operated to stamp out previous efforts toward self-emancipation since the day when Charles IV., brother of Ferdinand I. of Naples (an ancestor of the gallant Bourbon princes to whom reference has been made elsewhere), was deposed from the throne of Spain, and the members of the Cabildo took oath to preserve Cuba to the Mother Country, she has been the victim of a policy of oppression as unchanging in its merciless severity as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Deprived of political and civil liberty, excluded from public and official station, and subject to a heavy taxation for the maintenance of a standing army and navy, it is not a matter of wonder that there has resulted a deadly hatred between the native Cuban and the official sent from Spain to rule over him, or that the position of the latter should be that of him whom the poet, with slight modification, tells us

—“Sleeps
In fear while a nation ‘round him weeps,
While curses load the air he breathes
And faldions from unnumbered sheaths
Are starting to avenge the shame
His rule hath brought on Cuba’s name.”

It is not strange that the Cuban in the past as well as the present

“Fought for the land his soul adored,
For happy homes and altars free,
His only talisman the sword,
His only spell-word—Liberty.”

How long the outrages which disgrace the Spanish name to-day, the butchery of inoffensive captives, sacrificed under the brutal deception of their being participants in the strife for freedom; the slaughter of women and children, the burning of hospitals filled with wounded insurgents, and the thousand nameless horrors perpetrated by a Christian Government, will be permitted to exist is a grave problem which the civilization of the present will have to solve. The She-wolf of Europe will cling with desperation to the last of her American possessions while there is a drop of Cuban blood to shed, and if the law of nations present no means of terminating the barbarous conflict, the law of humanity should step in and end it. The Cuban resistance is not a rebellion against lawfully constituted authority. It is a rebellion against the abuse of power, against a war of extermination, against the destruction of all that is sacredly implied in the word “home.” Who can blame Cuban patriots? Who can refuse them sympathy? And who is there who, with no other opportunities of encouragement, will not wish them a fervent “God-speed” in their struggle? To our shame be it said that in the halls of legislation voices have been raised denying sympathy to Cuba in her struggle and

denouncing her rebellion against the rule of the tyrant as the work of banditti. Well, it has ever been so—

“Rebellion! foul, dishonoring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stained
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gained;
How many a spirit born to bless
Hath sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom but a day’s, an hour’s success
Hath wafted to eternal fame!”

Freedom’s battle, though long maintained, is not yet lost, and it is none too soon for the enlightened spirit of the age to step in and say that the unholy strife in Cuba must end, and Spain, once and forever, call off her bloodhounds from the throat of the Queen of the Antilles. PRESCOTT.

ABOUT FLOGGING.

Now, please do not hold up your gentle hands until I have had my say. Senator O’Connor introduced a bill at Albany last year providing for not to exceed forty lashes, to be inflicted by a prison officer within the prison inclosure and in the presence of the warden and a physician. The person who was to be thus dealt with was described as a “male person convicted of a felony consisting in or accompanied by the infliction of physical pain or suffering upon the person of another.”

Now, let us be calm. At present, the male person who beats his fellow-man or his wife within an inch of actual homicide is sent to prison, where he receives in general better care than he can or does give himself outside of prison. The wife-beater comes out and takes the first opportunity of revenge upon his victim who “sent him up.”

Senator O’Connor’s measure aimed to change that and give him forty lashes. He thought that Sir Wife-Beater would be less ready with his brutal fists after that. The Senator thought something must be done to stay the too frequent hand of brutal assault. He maintained that flogging would certainly be an improvement upon sending the bruiser to prison, only to come out and “get even.”

There is the objection that flogging is itself brutal, a relic of barbarism and what-not. Nothing is brutal that will lessen wife-beating and fiendish assault upon a weaker or a helpless person. Nothing is a relic of barbarism that is aimed at, and will hit, one of the crying sins of “man’s inhumanity to man,” in the civilization of the nineteenth century.

However, let readers of the WEEKLY in all the States and Territories decide. Remember, this flogging is for the benefit only of those who are not merciful to others, and to whom imprisonment is usually no punishment at all. Remember also that no ruffian exists who is not afraid of the lash, and that every wife-beater is a coward. If Senator O’Connor is on the right track, we should be pleased to hear from all who have opinions on the subject. We shall have a fair vote and a fair count, classified as male and female.

LET US REFLECT.

How true it is that the human mind follows the path of least resistance! Spain, after a long and fairly reputable career, as the home of the soldier, statesman and scholar, seems to be losing her national vitality through sheer indolence; and our statesmen are straightway convinced that the United States ought to have Cuba and Porto Rico. Not a nation in Europe has stood less in the way of the progress of the American Republic than the Spain of the nineteenth century. Yet the Spanish is the only nationality on earth against which charges of aggression can be laid at the door of the United States. We have wrested from Mexico, by conquest, purchase and indirection, an expanse of territory in which the little spot of Venezuela now claimed by Great Britain might be lost; and yet Mexico is perhaps the staunchest and most sincere friend we have in the world.

What are the facts with reference to Spain in Cuba? Every overture from this country for friendly dealings with that island has been gladly accepted at Madrid. In every other practicable way Spain has given us proof of her good-will. I am stating facts, not protesting against anything. These facts speak for themselves. The United States, by the filibustering of her citizens and by open declarations from official sources, is now distinctly and unmistakably assuming the aggressive toward the only really declining nationality in Europe.

Is it worth our while? If we are to be classed among the Powers, we must remember we are in fast company. Spain is out of our class. England, Germany and France are just now busy getting ahead of us in the New World. They practically own, and will soon control, enough of the Western Hemisphere to laugh at our talk about the Monroe Doctrine, unless we proceed at once to extend our influence in the same quarter.

We may as well recognize the inevitable. The older Governments of Europe are helping to direct the destinies of Spanish America. If we are not already crowded out by European predominance, it is our duty at once to take a hand in the game.

SOME REASONS

WHY TRAVELERS PATRONIZE THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD.

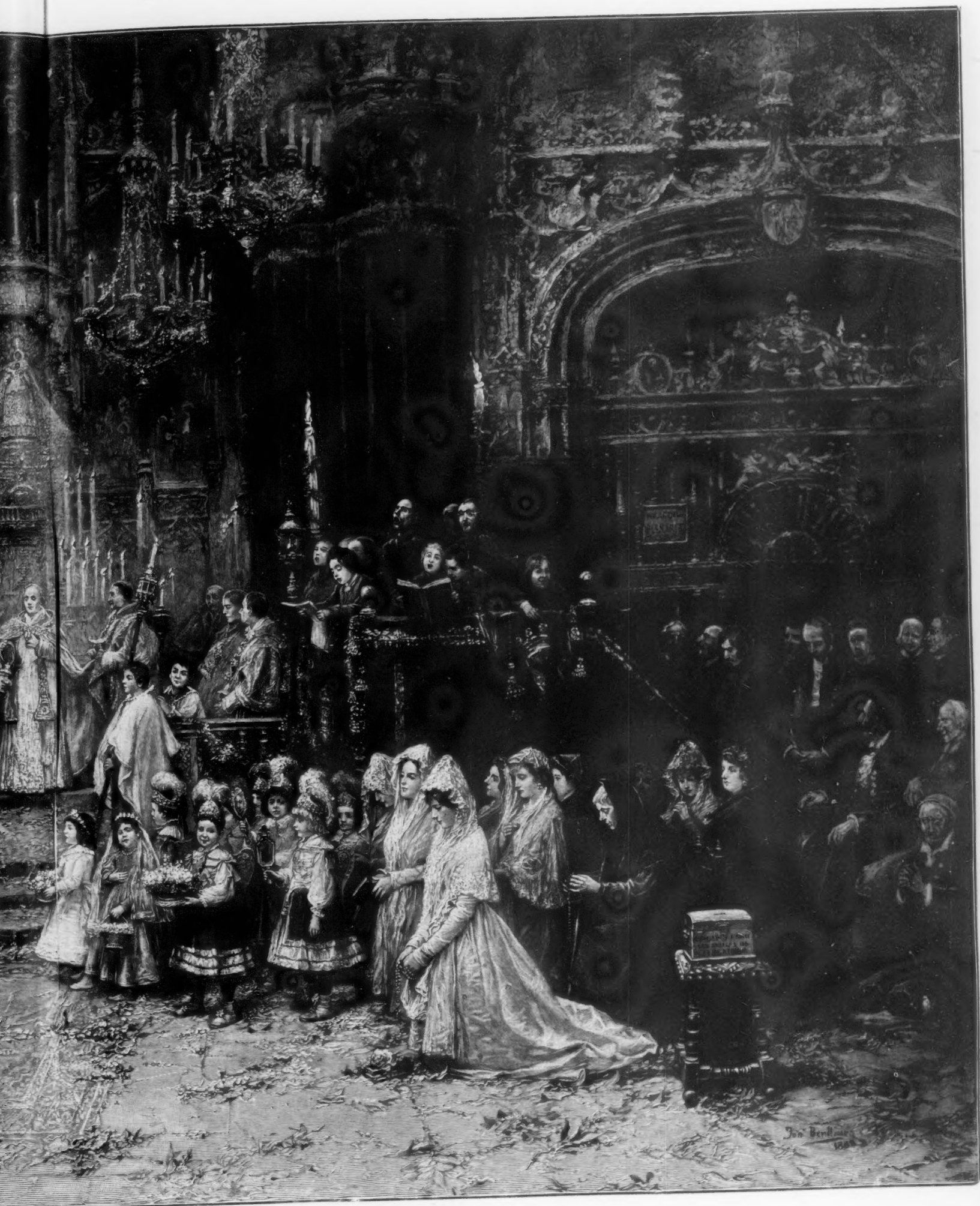
- 1st—Because its rates are always the lowest.
- 2d—Because it gives unexcelled service—including through Wagner Palace Sleeping Cars between Boston and Chicago via the Fitchburg and West Shore Railroads, and solid through trains between New York and Chicago via the West Shore and Nickel Plate Roads. Its day coaches are lighted by gas, heated by steam in winter, and are in charge of uniformed colored attendants, whose services are free to all passengers. Its dining car and buffet service is unsurpassed, and its meal stations serve the best of meals at the lowest rates.
- 3d—Because it will give you side trips without extra charge to Chautauque Lake and Niagara Falls on all tourist and excursion tickets.
- 4th—Because it runs along the shores of beautiful Lake Erie, with its cooling breezes, and delightful scenery—passing through the famous “Grape Belt” of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, and the “Gas Belt” of Indiana, the beautiful cities of Erie, Cleveland, Fostoria, and Port Wayne, the summer resort of Green Springs, and many other noted places.
- 5th—Because the Nickel Plate Road is ever at the front in adopting every improvement tending to the safety, comfort, convenience and pleasure of its patrons, and its smoothly running track, powerful locomotives, elegant and luxurious cars and lowest rates, designate it as the *Popular Route*.

For all information, call on the nearest ticket agent, or address F. J. Moore, General Agent, 23 Exchange St., Buffalo, N. Y.



THE MONTH OF MARY IN VALENTIA.

From a Photograph by Franz E.



VALENTIA.—FROM A PAINTING BY JOSE BENLLIURE.

graph by Franz Hanfstaengl, Munich.

THE PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

BY HERBERT E. CLAMP.

"STARVED TO DEATH" is becoming such a common headline of late in the daily press of this country that it has quite lost its novelty and fails entirely to impress the public with the terrible economic condition that it significantly reveals. As a sample of these stories the headlines of two, which have recently appeared in the metropolitan press, are here reproduced:

STARVED BY THE TROLLEY.

EDWARD PETERS, A HORSESHOER, LOOKED IN VAIN FOR EMPLOYMENT.

NO WORK FOR SEVEN MONTHS.

ELECTRICITY AND BIKES DROVE OUT HORSES AND RUINED HIS TRADE.

Fell Dead In His House.

The Doctors Say His End Was Caused by Atrophy, Brought on by Starvation.

WORK CAME TOO LATE.

BECKER GOT A PLACE THE DAY HIS WIFE DIED ON THE STREET FOR LACK OF FOOD.

HIS DEAD LAY UNATTENDED.

THE STARVING FAMILY WAS KEPT WAITING ALL DAY FOR THE CORONER'S COMING.

Half a Cracker For Baby Rosie.

Nothing for the Other Children—Little Fannie Tells of Their Sorrow and Suffering.

Such tragedies as are indicated in these headlines are repeated day after day in New York and other large cities, where human life is apparently considered of less value even than that of the animals. In spite of the frequent recurrence of such sad incidents, and the increase of pauperism among the working classes, there seems to be no determined effort made by legislators or students of social science to remedy the situation. Immense sums are bequeathed to colleges, libraries and hospitals by persons who, during life, studied the one problem alone of growing rich as fast as possible.

Quacks and theorists prate and preach about the matter and sink back into a state of innocuous paralysis; labor politicians get out statistics about it, and almost every one who reads is aware of the misery that exists; but still no one does anything practical to remedy matters whatsoever. That is, the men who rule us, those whose duty it is to look out for the interests of the people who pay them for governing and legislating, do practically nothing at all to solve the greatest social problem of the age.

The labor unions, fighting an unequal battle, really try to do something in the way of ameliorating these conditions. They fight it as best they can in a simple and effective way. Unfortunately, they are limited so far as capacity is concerned. They are not strong or united enough to carry out the programme which they believe would wipe out the appalling conditions with which we are confronted. The method by which the trades-unionists expect to solve this great problem is by shortening the hours of labor. He argues that whereas men are being supplanted by machinery in every direction, and production is thereby cheapened, the only way to provide work for all is to shorten the hours of labor in proportion to the increase in the output.

Believing this to be the practical solution of the question, the American Federation of Labor has made the question of adopting the eight-hour work-day one of the planks in its platform. Each year one or more industries are selected as the battleground on which this eight-hour question shall be fought out; and already, in a number of trades, it has been established. These trades are principally connected with the construction business, although not entirely so.

At the last convention of the Federation, held in New York, it was decided to select one trade to make the demand for an eight-hour day on May 1, this year—a less radical proposition than one which was advanced contemplating a general demand from all unions in the Federation. The selection has this year fallen upon the horseshoers, who now work nine hours a day, and will demand, probably with successful results, that their hours of labor be reduced to eight per day.

There are two reasons why the Horseshoers' Union should be selected to make the demand. The first is the great contraction of business in this line of trade, owing to the introduction of electric motor power, bicycles, etc., which has thrown thousands of skilled workers out of employment, and the no less important one that the exchequer of the Horseshoers' Union is in excellent shape. The National Union of Horseshoers was formed in 1874, and has branches all over the United States. The Horseshoers' Union of New York, from which the national body sprang, was organized in 1849. The latter was organized by delegates from some of the largest cities in the Union. The strike of 1877 seriously impeded its growth, but in 1880 it had a membership of almost six thousand. The last strike of any importance occurred in Newark, eleven years ago, and was so successful that there has been no further conflict with the employers. The treasury fund is never disturbed by strikes or the death of members, as special assessments are levied to meet such requirements. On the death of a member the widow or relatives receive fifty cents per capita of the entire membership of the union. A union established upon such a solid basis as this should be able to succeed in winning the eight-hour day without any question.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The returns recently issued by the Labor Commissioner of New York State show that eight hours constitute a day's work in seventy-six branches of trade, and that this short working day is enjoyed by 208 organizations, having a membership of 54,250. The total number of organized wage-earners in the State being 225,000, it would appear that about twenty-five per cent of the workers have already secured the eight-hour day. Twenty-five thousand people belonging to 172 labor organizations work nine hours per day, 45,000 belonging to 261 organizations work ten hours a day and about 15,000 work twelve hours per diem.

It is estimated that if the eight-hour law was made compulsory in all trades there would not be an unemployed person in the State, and wages would be correspondingly improved, giving such an impetus to trade and a demand for all kinds of products that all classes would be more or less benefited.

In speaking on the subject of the unemployed recently, Mr. Ernest Crosby, president of the Social Reform Club, said: "It is silly to call the reason overproduction, because one cannot fairly say there has been an overproduction of shoes until no one goes barefoot, or of clothes till no one is ragged. I want to set you right on one subject. Preaching thrift and temperance won't solve the problem. If a man reforms and gets work, it only throws out some one else. It won't create work. It may raise the standard of living, but it does not help the labor problem. I think the reason for so many men being unemployed is that they are shut off from the resources of Nature—the land, the coal and iron, and natural work in general. There is no danger of overcrowding the wonderful spaces of this country."

The point which all theorists who speak upon the problem of the unemployed fall back upon is the wonderful opportunity afforded by what used to be known as the "backwoods" of this country. That there is room for almost illimitable absorption of labor and expansion in this direction cannot be in the least way doubted.

In order to render such opportunities available to the starving masses of this country and Europe, however, a gigantic scheme, of the most extreme paternal character, would be necessary on the part of the United States Government. There would even then be no definite solution accomplished, as it is probable not more than ten per cent of the people attracted to such sections by the privileges offered would be content to remain at the pursuit of husbandry. They would therefore gradually migrate to the cities and come into competition with the workers in other occupations, thereby adding to the heavy surplus already existing in the urban labor markets. Even should the majority of these settlers remain contented with their rural avocations, the excess of farm products produced would tend to lower prices and engender fiercer competition in a field where already too much exists for the prosperity of the agriculturist class.

This idea is somewhat substantiated by the words of another speaker on economic topics—Professor W. A. Wyckoff of Princeton College—who recently said, in speaking of his experiences during eighteen months while looking for employment as an unskilled laborer: "In Chicago it was difficult to get work, because of the gregarious instinct which prompts men to crowd into the cities and overfill them; but through the country districts I was absolutely embarrassed by the offers of places. In the farming districts in the West they are actually suffering for helpers." Professor Wyckoff adds: "The trolley is going to mend this matter, in my opinion, for I believe the people will gradually come to live in settlements and go out to their farms each day, and thus they can have the companionship which they naturally desire."

The life of a farm hand in some of the Western States is a sordid and miserable existence, unrelieved by even a decent remuneration for long hours of the most arduous toil. The small holdings can only be made remunerative by incessant toil, and as the products have to meet in competition, at least in the foreign markets, those produced by coolie labor in India and the miserable fellahin in Egypt, it is plain that it can yield but sparse returns. The farming which really pays now in this country is that in which the latest and most perfected machinery plays the leading part, and there is little doubt that in the process of development manual labor on the farm will gradually be reduced to a nominal position.

It would therefore seem that the most practical method of regulating the question of employment and production would be the shortening of the hours of labor. There is no other means, at least, so permanently efficacious, and as long as high protective tariffs exist in this country the manufacturers and other employers are guaranteed sufficient control of prices to make their investments profitable.

Samuel Gompers in a recent editorial in the *Federationist* says, concerning the eight-hour work-day, of which he is a most persistent advocate: "As is well known, the New York convention of the American Federation of Labor decided to again make an effort to introduce and extend the eight-hour work-day to a larger number of our fellow-workers, with the view of finally making that time limit of the day's work a universal shibboleth of victory for the workers of our land. It seems to us that the time has passed when it is necessary to argue in favor of the introduction of the eight-hour work-day. It is doubtful whether any really informed person would attempt to argue against the proposition for the shorter work-day. The invention of machinery, the introduction of new forces to the application of wealth-production, the division and subdivision of labor, the organization of corporation with corporation, all rendering the productivity of the employed laborer so great as to be the marvel of the age; the enervating influences that close application and working the nerves up to the fullest tension to keep with the ever-increasing velocity of labor by machinery

has entailed upon the workers, the large number of unemployed yet willing workers, appeal alike to the thinking, earnest people to find a solution to this great problem of the day. While we have no desire to cavil with the theorists of other schools of economic thought, there can be no question in the minds of any one but that a reduction in the hours of labor of the workers is demanded upon economic, social and moral grounds, is demanded to-day and cannot be put off to some day in the 'sweet by-and-by.'

"There can be no question but what the history of successes in the labor movement of the past decades are on the side of the workers; that, as they organize in masses in their respective trades and federate with their fellow-workers of other trades, the day of less hours of toil, with its humane results of relieving the burdens of the overworked and creating employment for the workless, will have received a great momentum, and the day for its successful enforcement will soon be realized. The shorter work-day will give the toilers millions of hours of golden opportunities for physical, mental and moral improvement; these, with better homes, better lives, resulting from higher wages, giving an impetus to production and distribution, of industry and commerce, progress and human consideration for each, their rights, duties and happiness, it can receive in no other way."

While an effort will be made by the horseshoers to establish the eight-hour day, it is not unlikely that a movement may be made in other trades to do the same thing. In others, where the eight-hour day has been established but not rigidly enforced, a stand is also to be taken for its maintenance. Conspicuous among the trades where the eight-hour day has only been partially enforced is that of carpentering. The United Brotherhood of Carpenters will make a rally on this point next month, and also the clothing cutters of Chicago, while those of Milwaukee will make their first demand for it.

There is one feature of the situation which must also be borne in mind. The introduction of the eight-hour day, or of any measure of relief for an overcrowded labor market, will prove futile if some check is not placed upon the wholesale immigration from Europe. There seems to be no way by which even the present laws concerning contract labor can be enforced, evasions being the rule rather than the exception. Even California, with its rigid exclusive law against the Chinese, does not succeed in keeping them out, as there are between two and five hundred smuggled into the Northwestern States from British Columbia daily. The coincidence of figures may seem remarkable, but recent statistics give the number of unemployed in California at 250,000, and it is estimated that there are just about that number of Chinamen in the State.

The positive restriction, or a very great curtailment of immigration for a period of five years or longer, would probably serve as the most useful adjunct to the application of the eight-hour work-day, and help us to regain the universal prosperity which was at one time the lot of the man who was proud to call himself, and to be, an American.

SEED DISTRIBUTION.

The Agricultural Department has forwarded to all Senators and Representatives notices that the quota of each one in this year's distribution of Government seeds will be fifteen thousand packets of vegetable seeds, in packages containing fifteen assorted varieties, and fourteen hundred packets of flower seeds, in two hundred and eighty packages of five packets each. The allotments for the Southern Senators and members will be distributed first, owing to the advanced season.

GENERAL HARRISON'S WEDDING.

Monday of last week witnessed the wedding of General Benjamin Harrison, ex-President of the United States, an event that has occupied much of the public attention during the last few months. The bride was Mrs. Mary Scott Lord Dimmick, the niece of the first wife, and the scene of the ceremony was St. Thomas's Church, New York. There was an evident desire on the part of all concerned to avoid ostentatious display, and the affair was conducted with marked simplicity. Not more than a score of friends were present at the informal reception in the home of Mrs. Pinchat, and the couple went from there direct to their home in Indianapolis.

HOPELESSLY TRANSPARENT.

"The X ray has gone into court," says the *Baltimore American*, "and its next step will probably be to go into courtship. But the ladies never have had much trouble in seeing through men."

THE FUTURE OF THE AMERICAN HORSE.

Steam, cable-spools and electricity are driving him off the street-car tracks. Reformers are driving him off the race-tracks, and his utter worthlessness as a commodity in the horse market will soon drive him off the farm as an unprofitable farm product of sale.

There will always be many who will keep horses because they like them. But the large majority will stick to business principles and let them go where they do not pay. Outside of war, the plow, the heavy truck with a heavy load, the farmers' jerky and side-draught self-binder, the cab and the family carriage, our old friend, the horse, seems destined to a use I shudder to contemplate.

The story comes through official sources, too. It seems that Edward W. S. Tingle, United States Consul at Brunswick, Germany, has given American "packers" a tip to the effect that the consumption of horse meat in the larger German cities is increasing every day, and that the smaller cities are gradually growing to like the taste of it.

THE PILGRIM—EASTER NUMBER

Will be ready the early part of April. Everything in it will be new and original. It will contain articles by Capt. Chas. King, U. S. A., Ex-Gov. Geo. W. York, of Wisconsin, and other noted writers. An entertaining number, well illustrated. Send ten (10) cents to Geo. H. Beauford, publisher, 415 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill., for a copy.

A CHAPTER OF HISTORY.

In 1842 Sir Robert Peel, leader of the Protectionist party of Great Britain, obtained from Parliament the concession of an income tax to supply the temporary deficiency of the revenue for that year. The concession was for three years only. But in 1845 he had made up his mind that the tax was a just one, and he resolved to retain it for three years longer. His reason for this course is quite apropos to the present discussion in this country on this subject. As the champion of the protective tariff he was alarmed to see that duties on imports, while affording protection to farmers and manufacturers against foreign competition, furnished but little revenue for the Treasury. He had observed that the income tax had relieved the situation in proportion to the amount it yielded.

When the Queen opened Parliament in 1845 she congratulated Sir Robert Peel and the Parliament on the success of the income tax as a measure for supplying the deficiencies in the public revenue. This was notice to the country that the income tax was not to be repealed. The debate on the Address took up several days. On the night of February 14, 1845, Sir Robert Peel, protectionist champion, opened his unexpected free trade budget. It could be seen that, though he did not recommend the repeal of the Corn Laws, he certainly had passed sentence upon them. Sugar duties were reduced, in the interest of the consumer, so as to make that necessary commodity three cents a pound cheaper. He proposed to abolish the protective duty on four hundred and thirty articles then on the schedule. Nearly all raw materials were placed upon the free list. Every vestige of the "protective" export duty was blotted out, even the export duty on coal.

These measures, argued the great statesman, would so stimulate commerce, and increase the general prosperity of the country, that the income tax would not be an extra burden upon those who had incomes. In the course of the debate Lord John Russell denounced the income tax because it led to vexation and fraud, and argued that nothing could justify such a measure but a pressing emergency. His Lordship, however, voted for the income tax. It was finally passed for another three years, by a majority of 238 against 30. In the course of a few years Russell was on the Ministerial bench himself, the successor of Peel, and he found the income tax a very useful source of revenue. The income tax has ever since been the most beneficial tax England has. A distinguished member of the English Bar has given us the history of the measure in that country in a nutshell: "It is the pivot of the British Free Trade system. Peel found a deficit upon taking office. In spite of it, he resolved to reduce import duties with a view to the expansion of commerce. The income tax came to supply the further falling off this caused. It came to stay." The Corn Laws were soon repealed. England entered upon her career of absolute free trade. Without the income tax this could not have been begun.

This brief summary of the origin and growth of the measure in England will be more instructive to the reader than any amount of theorizing and formal argument. But this chapter of English economic history must be studied in the light of all the circumstances. The colonial possessions of England made it necessary that she should maintain a large merchant marine. This necessity led soon to the expansion of English commerce unto all parts of the world. The internal resources of England had reached their highest development. Such a bagatelle as the Corn Laws was no longer to be considered. In manufactures, mining and commerce England could successfully compete with the world. There were new and undeveloped countries—our own among the rest—that must needs buy her manufactures, and with whom British, British-Indian and British-West Indian trade would be profitable on equal terms. On this side of the Atlantic it was generally conceded by the dominant political party that the United States was an agricultural country.

England, by adopting the income tax, repealing the Corn Laws and inaugurating her policy of absolute free trade, was cheapening her food products, extending her commerce and, in return, putting a tax on the increased incomes of her people thus created.

By taxing incomes England got back some of the interest paid to those of her subjects who had money invested in the funds, the consols, that famous national debt which is a permanent investment at three per cent per annum, unless the holder chooses to sell to the Government in open market. That large proportion of the "upper classes" of England that enjoys annuities from the national debt could afford, no doubt, to give up a small share of interest money, in consideration of such paternalism. This country has never seen fit to tax Government bonds, on the ground that such taxation would be virtual confiscation—repudiation—of a part of our national obligations.

The high-priced lands of Great Britain yielded sums as rental that would be looked upon as fair purchase price in this country. These rentals were taxed in the income tax, too. Then the Corn Laws were repealed, and the tenant-farmer could no longer pay the high rents, because grain of all kinds could be raised more cheaply in foreign countries than in England and were admitted duty-free. Agricultural depression followed. Evictions drove out the grain farmer and turned large tracts of arable land in Great Britain into meadows and pastures for the wealthier live stock farmers. The small grain farmer emigrated. The income of the lord of the soil was not seriously decreased, for the human charge upon the land was lessened. Men paid for this measure, often with their lives and always by the partial destruction of their prospects in life and the scattering of their children to the four corners of the earth.

Yet the "beneficence" of the income tax and free trade remained, as a great national measure of expediency. English commerce grew. Great Britain banished her tillers of the soil, fed her artisans and factory laborers on cheaper agricultural products from abroad than she could raise at home; and then started out to achieve the commercial supremacy of the world.

But her colonial dependencies adopted economic policies to suit themselves. Canada still maintains a high protective tariff as the National Policy. Australia

is divided on the question, and is for free trade in some provinces and for protection in others. Canada is not even disposed to enter into reciprocity with the United States.

It is scarcely necessary to comment on the meaning and theory of Great Britain's great and successful fiscal system. The most casual student of history knows what it has meant not only for the expatriated son of British soil, but for the rest of the world. Every nation on the earth is Britain's debtor, because England is not bound to pay her national debt; and her commerce is supreme on the seas and in all the richest trade of the world largely for the same reason and partly because so many nations have given her the advantage of free trade for so many years in the past.

The questions are, Ought we not convert our National Debt into irredeemable Government Funds paying three per cent in perpetuity? Ought we not also go back to the old protective system, develop our internal resources, and build up from within?

DEATH OF A STURDY CENTURIAN.

An interesting character passed away recently in the person of Jabez Capps of Mt. Pulaski, Ill. Mr. Capps lacked but a few months of being one hundred years old, and was one of the pioneer settlers in that section of the country. In conjunction with several others he laid out the town of Mt. Pulaski, and was during life among the foremost and most progressive of its citizens. He died from blood-poisoning, the result of a cancerous ulcer from which he had suffered for about a year.

Mr. Capps was a remarkable man in many ways and an excellent type of the early pioneers to whose hardihood and enterprise the great West of the present day



THE LATE JABEZ CAPPS.

owes much of its prosperity. His parents being of Saxon and Huguenot lineage, found him by the course of blood in sympathy with right and strongly opposed to the rule of oppression. He was a native of England, but early in life turned his face toward America.

Landing in Boston in the summer of 1817, with a companion he walked to New York, thence to Philadelphia and later over the Allegheny Mountains to Pittsburg. From there by flatboat through the slush and ice to Cincinnati and Louisville, and thence afoot to St. Louis and up north to the Sangany County near Springfield, Ill., where he married in 1819. Farming and school-teaching alternately kept him busy until his starting into business about 1821 in Springfield.

Thence he later moved to the new town of Mt. Pulaski, which was laid out that year by Mr. Capps, George W. Turley and Dr. Barton Robinson, all of whom are now dead. Here he opened a general store and became postmaster under President Jackson. Later he was Recorder of Logan County for one term. Besides his mercantile pursuit he invested largely in real estate, started a packing factory and a nursery. His experiences of the early pioneer settlers' life would make interesting history. Among his most trying times were in the deep snow during the winter of '31 and his overland trip to Chicago in 1833.

Mr. Capps's experience in an historic atmospheric phenomenon on the night of December 20, 1836, which is known in that section as the Sudden Change, is worth narrating. He mounted his horse at Springfield, where he had gone on business, to return to Mt. Pulaski. The morning had been rainy and just cold enough to make the several inches of snow on the ground slushy and muddy on the broken roads. But the drizzling sprinkle soon turned into rain which fell in torrents. Suddenly, as with the blast of a cyclone, the air turned biting, bitterly cold, until within apparently a minute all Nature became a thing of ice. The slush and water in which he was traveling turned suddenly into freezing, solid ice, and his drenched clothing a sheet of the same material. The change came so sudden and so alarming that shelter was the only thought. When he finally reached a friendly cabin he was a mass of ice. To dismount was out of the question, since hands and feet were solid as the clothing. But with help he tumbled off and hobbled into the cabin. The next morning he

started out over the ice-covered earth for Mt. Pulaski, little the worse for his wonderful experience. But few people exposed to its fury lived through that terrific freeze.

Mr. Capps left many descendants, among them being Mrs. S. Linn Beidler, the editor of the Mt. Pulaski Weekly News.

PUBLIC OPINION



CONGRESS AND THE CUBAN QUESTION.

THERE seems to be as great a diversity of opinion as ever throughout the country on the question of our relations with Spain and Cuba, but it must be admitted that the preponderance of public opinion, as voiced by the newspapers, is in sympathy with the struggling Cubans. Following are a few of the editorial comments on the recent action of Congress:

Newark "Advertiser."

"The effect of the action of Congress in Cuba will be far-reaching. It practically confirms the hopes of the Cuban patriots. It will bring to their support those who have hesitated to take sides. It will bring to them money and arms and re-enforcements. The South American Republics have been waiting for the United States to give the signal of recognition, and they will be quick to follow suit."

Louisville "Courier-Journal."

"It is not the business of the Senate to manage our foreign relations, except to the extent laid down in the Constitution, and that does not involve the recognition of insurgents as belligerents. The debates with reference to Cuba have not only not been conducted with any regard to diplomatic forms, or to the ordinary rules of courtesy that characterize the intercourse of gentlemen, but they have been marked by a recklessness of assertion, a coarseness and violence of vituperation, a truculence of invective which even the professional prize-fighter, when he unlimbers his mighty jaw, has been unable to rival."

Baltimore "American."

"The passage of the resolutions really settles the question. If the President declines to give voice to the will of the American people, that voice will be expressed in no uncertain way at the ballot-box in November. This Government is the Government of the whole people, and not of a few coteries of self-opinionated persons, scattered here and there in the large cities of the country. The people will undoubtedly place men in charge of the Government who will execute their will, and Spain, after spending more money and butchering more human beings, will have to yield. Spain sees this even more clearly than we do, and after a decorous amount of protest and bluster she will yield to the inevitable."

Boston "Advertiser."

"Although the delay in bringing the matter to a final vote was in some ways vexatious, there are evidently compensatory advantages of no mean order growing out of the delay. Indeed, there is reason to think that the moral effect will be enhanced thereby. The accusation of 'haste'—that favorite resort of the enemies of every measure taken by our Government on behalf of human rights—has been completely estopped."

The following paragraph from the New York Tribune in this same connection is a certain indication of that journal's attitude on the question: "The statement is made that President Cleveland and Secretary Olney are both in sympathy with the Cubans in their fight for liberty. It is to be hoped so. Both these gentlemen are supposed to be Americans."

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

The San Francisco Chronicle is nothing if not thoroughly American, and the vigor of its recent arraignment of Edward J. Phelps, late Minister to Great Britain, is in perfect accord with its customary patriotic spirit. Its summary of Mr. Phelps's claims to public contempt is concise and convincing, and the heading, "A Man Without a Country," apt and fitting. The Chronicle says: "It is not surprising to find Edward J. Phelps, late United States Minister to Great Britain by Democratic appointment, taking the un-American view of the Monroe Doctrine and of Cuban recognition. It would be astonishing if he should take any other. Ever since he came into public notice Mr. Phelps has been a political Ishmaelite, so far at least as his attitude toward American principles is concerned, and it could always be predicated of him that he would oppose any great national policy which might be agreed upon by the patriotic men of either party or of both. In war times he was a venomous copperhead; in after years he was an obstructionist of loyal policies and in England he was a servile truckler to the principle of aristocracy. Now he appears as a foe of the most vital American principle that enters into the foreign relations of the Government under either Republican or Democratic Administrations."

SENATOR TILLMAN SCORED.

The Rochester Union and Advertiser is evidently no admirer of Senator Tillman. The following attack on him, at least, does not show any deep-rooted affection:

"One of the most disgraceful political scandals of the season is the invitation extended by the Democratic State Committee of Colorado to Senator Tillman of South Carolina to address the coming Democratic State convention. Tillman is a burlesque on Democracy and popular government, and even if he had not delivered himself of his blackguard speech in the Senate against the President, would be unworthy of Democratic recognition anywhere."

THE PASSING OF A GREAT INDUSTRY.

FROM MYLES TYLER FRISBIE,

City Editor "Standard," Syracuse, N. Y.

The ghost of a departed greatness lingers about the Syracuse salt fields. From that day in 1642 when the savage Iroquois first brought the Jesuit martyr, Father Jogues, to their spring of "healing water" on the shores of Onondaga Lake the salt springs have been an established though now an obsolescent factor in the city's life. Time was when their product, measured by the hundreds of thousands of tons per year, gave savor to the entire Western continent. Now, alas! their occupation's gone except as their small yield partially defrays the expense of maintaining and keeping in repair the machinery supplied by the State to operate the wells on the reservation, which, as State lands are annually condemned and sold, grows smaller year by year. What was once one of the country's greatest industries is now a crumbling and unpicturesque ruin.

Surrounded on three sides by the rapidly growing city of Syracuse—the fourth being the shore of Onondaga Lake—the old salt reservation lies, barring with sullen, dogged obstinacy the city's advance, but retreating rood by rood before the greater power that is opposed against it. Originally it embraced between two thousand and three thousand acres. Now it comprises one-third that area, the land having been bought by private speculators in some instances and in many others by the New York Central Railroad, which contemplates the erection thereon of a great union freight yard, to accommodate the rapidly increasing traffic of the city.

Where an army of laborers were once employed as stokers, boilers, shovelers, pipe watchers, cover pushers, carriers, etc., one man, with the aid perhaps, of his wife and children, living in a rude shanty on the edge of the reservation, attends to acres of covers—and the acres that remain are comparatively few.

Without attempting to go into any detail regarding the manufacture of salt, a process with which the public is doubtless more or less familiar, a short general description of the manner of operating the old Syracuse reservation may be interesting. Two processes were formerly largely employed, and both are still operated, though now to an unprofitable extent: viz., boiling and solar evaporation. From the several State pump-houses, the machinery of which is operated by water-power obtained from the Erie and Oswego Canal that runs through the reservation, and from a larger number of private pump-houses on land purchased or leased from the State, the salt water, drawn from wells twelve hundred feet deep, is forced through long lines of wooden "logs" to the "covers" and "blocks" where the salt is to be precipitated. These logs are the trunks of cedar trees a foot in diameter bored hollow and joined at the end by tenon and socket. They extend in a network all over the reservation, and, impregnated with salt, are invulnerable to the attacks of frost or fire and effectually preserved against the disintegrating attacks of time.

The covers employed in the process of solar evaporation are great, shallow tanks of about six inches in depth, erected upon piles that elevate them two and one-half feet from the ground. Over these tanks are sectional roofs on wheels that are shoved back when the sun shines and replaced when the weather is unfavorable. In the shallow tanks the water rapidly evaporates until the coarse, damp crystals are finally precipitated to the bottom whence they are shoveled into carts and drawn to the grinding mills and storehouses. The



MYLES TYLER FRISBIE,
City Editor of the Syracuse Standard.

covers, which are of uniform size, number sixty-six to the acre. Only forty thousand covers now remain, covering rather more than two-fifths of the present area of the State reservation.

The salt blocks are long, low, narrow buildings with chimneys a hundred feet high at the end. The building is simply a cover for a brick furnace in which are set in a row a dozen or twenty iron kettles capable of holding a hoghead each. These kettles are filled with brine, under them fuel is piled and the tall chimney furnishes the draught. This process of evaporation is much more rapid than the solar and produces a finer grade of salt. In the old days, when work had to be rushed and whisky was cheaper than it is now, an

occasional salt boiler tumbled into the kettles, and after he had been fished out with grappling tongs there was a funeral. But there were plenty of salt boilers.

At the end of the process of evaporation by boiling, several bushels of coarsely crystallized salt remained in the bottom of each kettle. This was shoveled, steaming hot, into a long row of three-bushel splint baskets, one for each kettle, made by the Indians, and allowed to drain down an inclined plane into the kettle until dry. Then the baskets were emptied into the big bins of the storehouses. These bins held thousands of bushels apiece and were arranged somewhat after the fashion of coal bunkers, different grades of salt being stored in each.

Even when the huge salt baskets became so dilapidated that they were no longer sound enough to be used in conveying the salt to the bins their period of usefulness was not over. At many points about Syracuse curious visitors have observed embankments, abutments of bridges and earth foundations which, from a distance, look like rows upon rows of old-fashioned conical straw beehives, inverted and piled one upon another. Closer inspection reveals the fact that the apparent beehives are nothing else than the dilapidated salt baskets filled with earth and piled in rip-rap fashion, making a foundation more secure than stone upon the marshy soil. Thousands of the superannuated baskets have been made serviceable in this way, and, still strong and unimpeachable, sustain unshaken their grave responsibilities.

The decline of the industry from these its most prosperous days has been almost without parallel. Less than fifteen years ago the annual production was nine million bushels of the commodity. Then four hundred and fifty men were employed by the State upon the reservation in addition to the number representing private enterprise. Last year, with three hundred men employed by the State, the output was in round numbers three million bushels. This falling off in production has been due to the reduction of prices by competition in other fields and a shameful neglect on the part of the State Legislature to provide appropriations for keeping the plant in repair and operating it to advantage. Beyond great question influences skillfully employed in the lobby at Albany in the interest of other salt-producing districts have been effectual in bringing about this indifference.

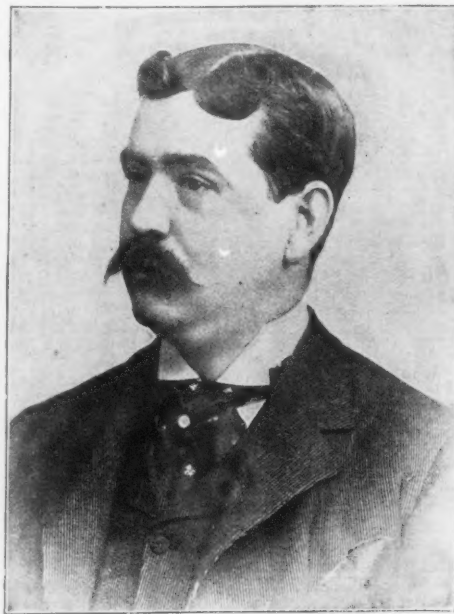
The State tax on salt since 1846 has been one cent per bushel. At this rate the total return of the reservation to the State last year was thirty thousand dollars, while fourteen years ago at the same rate it yielded ninety thousand dollars annually. This is a very different rate of revenue to that of one hundred years ago, when the operators of the wells paid a tax of twenty-four cents a bushel and sold their salt in the Albany market for a standard price of six dollars and a half per bushel. Now the bushel price, instead of being over six dollars, is just six cents, the usual amount of nominal damages in a country lawsuit. There is little doubt that the Syracuse (then Salina) salt reservation yielded its greatest advantage to the State when, with a price of six dollars and a half per bushel, there was a tax of twenty-four cents on salt, though the total annual revenue at that time did not approximate the revenue of fourteen years ago, the maximum figure, as the processes of reduction were crude and the output comparatively small. But producers then, to market their salt, were obliged to draw it over corduroy roads with ox-teams or pack in on horseback one hundred and fifty miles to Albany, through a country beset with discomforts and dangers. It was a fortnight's task to market a cartload of salt in those days, and when the project of the Erie Canal was broached by DeWitt Clinton for opening up the rich interior of the State to trade, there were no more earnest advocates of the scheme, then regarded almost stupendous, than the salt manufacturers of Salina. Indeed, James Geddes, one of the more prominent of these, himself surveyed the course of the great inland waterway, the chain and compass with which he laid out the great ditch being now the valued possessions of the Onondaga Historical Society.

The entire original cost of the Erie Canal was paid by the revenue from the Salina salt reservation, a sum which it brought back a thousandfold. The prosperous city of one hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants, which, within the memory of many now living, was a straggling hamlet of half a dozen houses lying between the Salina salt marshes and the present line of the Erie Canal, is its most apparent result. The city now surrounds the salt lands which lie insignificantly in its center, encroached upon by business blocks every year, and is equally divided by the canal, which it now regards as a great nuisance. The individual fortunes made in Syracuse by the canal before it, like the salt reservation, began to wane through competition and neglect, would be hard to estimate. Incidental to the decline of both the salt industry and the canal has been the loss of fortunes, as their rise was the making of them. But the balance in the profit and loss account is on the right side of the ledger.

The passing of this great industry has not taken place without leaving its mark on the life of the city. The annual dance of the salt boilers is no longer the chief social function, as it was in the days when the manufacture of salt was put down in the geographies and encyclopedias as the principal claim of Syracuse to public notice. In those days the salt boilers formed a cult of their own. They had clans, too, not apparent, perhaps, to the casual observer, to whom a salt boiler by the kettle's brim was simply a salt boiler and nothing more. But the clans existed, and the lines of demarcation between them were like the great gulf fixed. The division was on race lines, the bulk of the salt boilers in those days having been "foreigners," of about the only sort common before the wholesale importation of cheap labor flooded the country with the riff-raff of Southern Europe, China and God knows what-not: viz., Irishmen and Germans. The result of

their clannishness is illustrated to-day by geographical lines, one of the city wards lying alongside the salt lands being conspicuous for the German names above the doors, while an adjoining ward is populated almost entirely by those who came over from the "ould darr" to make their everlasting fortune at salt boiling, and by their descendants.

They were hearty, hardy men, these salt boilers, and their beards were like the virgin forest. Beside the annual dance, dog fights, rat-pits and cocking-mains afforded their principal sources of amusement. Occasionally the routine was enlivened by a "scrap" conducted on principles to be hereinafter related. One time during the early seventies, when John L. Sullivan was a rising star in the pugilistic firmament, there came to Syracuse one Hyal Stoddard, a fellow who knew a thing or two about the use of his right and left, but whose greatest claim to notoriety lay in the fact that he had challenged the redoubtable Sullivan to a meeting in the roped arena. That Sullivan's failure to accept the challenge was not due to fear of Stoddard's prowess did not, of course, detract from the latter's temerity, and for a brief season he was quite the lion of local sports. "Yank" Sullivan, who has refereed many combats of national renown, took him up when he was on the crest of the wave of local popularity. But there arose



CHARLES R. SHERLOCK,
Managing Editor of the Syracuse Standard.

in Liverpool, a village where dwelt many of the salt-boiling fraternity, a mighty little Irishman, who had broken many heads with his shillalah and gained much repute thereby among his fellows. They backed him against Stoddard and arranged a meeting by lantern-light on the shores of Onondaga Lake. When the appointed time arrived Stoddard and Sullivan were on hand. So were a great company of salt boilers, brawny, hairy fellows, and so was not the little Irishman. For he had been fortifying himself for the occasion all the morning and celebrating what he was pleased to regard his certain victory all the afternoon of the day fixed for the combat; and before the time when he should have appeared in the ring to struggle for championship honors he had been quite knocked out in a set-to with John Barleycorn.

Myles Tyler Frisbie, the author of the foregoing article on the decline of the Syracuse salt industry, is a writer of descriptive prose and light verse as well as a newspaper man of experience. For several years he was employed as an editorial writer on the staff of the Syracuse Journal, but more recently has found congenial occupation at the city desk of the Syracuse Standard, the leading morning paper of the city.

The Standard is an active Republican newspaper with a circulation of twelve thousand and a large advertising patronage. It is published every day in the year. It was established in 1829 as a weekly newspaper, and as a daily at the close of the Civil War. It is owned and published by Hon. Howard G. White, a wealthy citizen of Syracuse and a member of the notable family which the Hon. Andrew D. White has represented as a college president, and as United States Minister to Russia. It is published in its own building in East Genesee Street and its editorial offices are models of their kind.

The managing editor of the Standard for the past nine years has been Charles R. Sherlock, a political writer of wide reputation, whose first newspaper work was done in Syracuse more than a score of years ago, and who, later, was closely associated on the editorial staff of the Albany Journal with Harold Frederic, the renowned London correspondent.

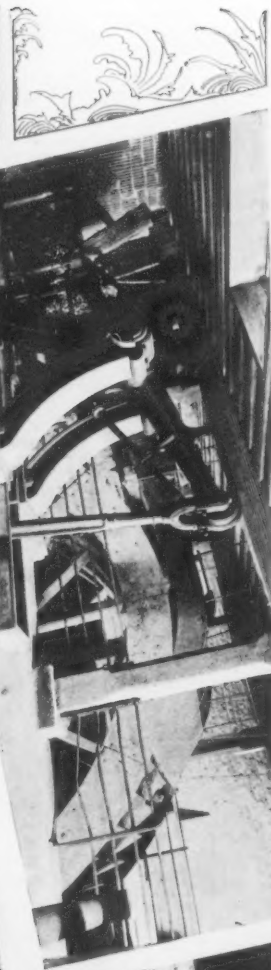
The Standard's triumphs have been mainly political, the paper having been a factor of importance in State politics for many years. It is to-day recognized as the leading Republican newspaper in the interior of the State, and the candidates and measures that it supports have the confidence of its large constituency.

Perhaps one of the most notable of the Standard's extra-political feats was the sending of twenty people to the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893, paying their expenses, and enabling them to see the World's Fair through the enterprise of their favorite newspaper. The names of the persons to be thus favored were determined by a popular vote carried on through the columns of the Standard.

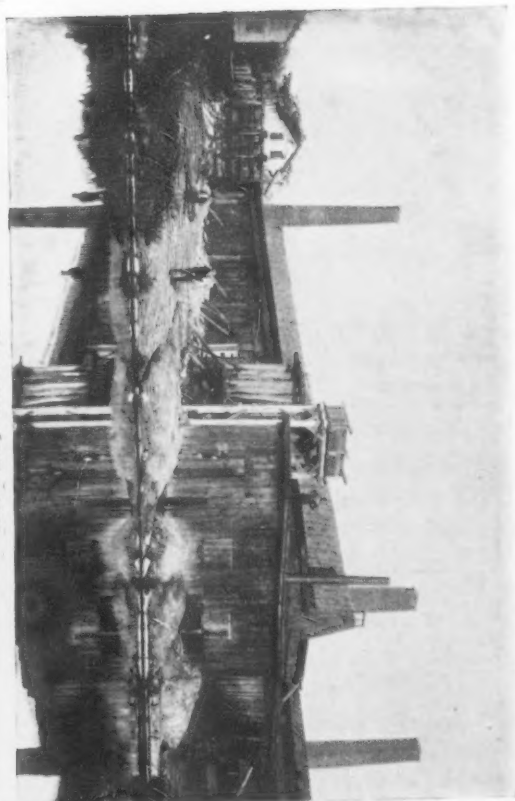
THE PASSING OF A GREAT INDUSTRY.—THE SALT WORKS OF SYRACUSE.



MACHINE IN SALT POND HOUSE



DECAPIATED SALT BLOCKS

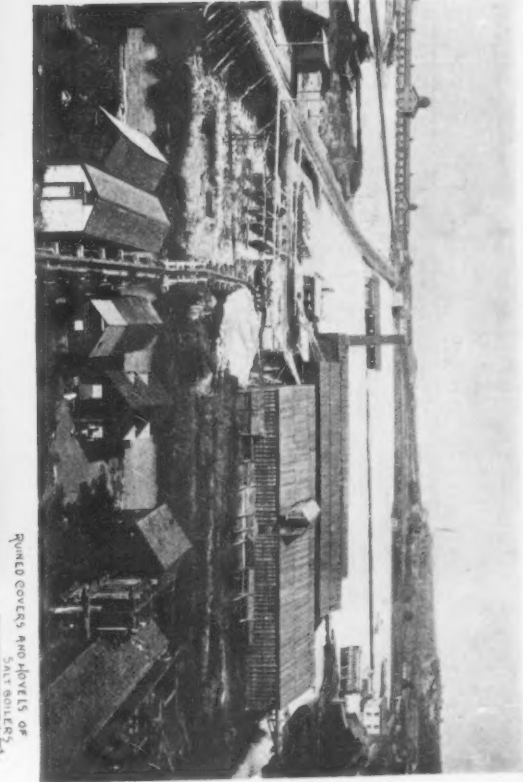
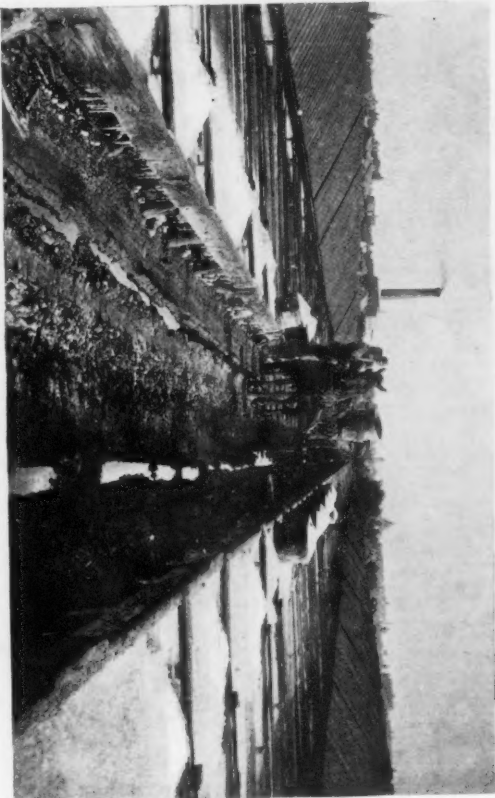


MR. HOWARD G. WHITE
PRESIDENT OF THE
SYRACUSE SYNDICATE

SALT BLOCK INTERIOR



AMONG
SALT
COOKS



POND COOKS AND HOUSES OF
SALT WORKERS

ANOTHER ALEXANDER AND A NEW BUCEPHALUS.

If centaurs had been a fact instead of a fancy, Rollo Sparks would surely have been born a centaur. He and a horse were as nearly inseparable as a boy and horse well can be. When I first knew him he was a sturdy, freckle-faced country boy of twelve who might often be seen riding a horse at the top of its speed, without any bridle. At times he would ride with his face to the foe, if the foe happened to be some of his boy friends chasing him on other horses. At other times he would stand, in mock-heroic attitude, with one bare foot on withers of his galloping steed and the other on its back. He scorned a saddle and invariably rode bareback or on a folded blanket kept in place with a surcingle. The horses bred on the farm where he lived knew him as a friend, from their earliest colthood, and some of them would leap a nine-rail fence to come to him when he whistled for them.

One of the public displays of Rollo's equestrian skill was when a celebrated circus exhibited at the county seat. A prize of five dollars in gold was offered by the management to any one who would ride a disreputable-looking mule that was led into the ring. Before an elder brother was aware of Rollo's intentions, the lad was in the ring prepared to contest for the prize. The ringmaster gave the undersized boy a glance and then said he was afraid Rollo was too small, that the mule might throw and hurt him; and it was only after Rollo's brother had given his consent that the lad was permitted to mount the animal. Out of a tender regard for so small a rider, perhaps, the mule's first efforts to dismount Rollo were gentle; then they were more vigorous, and finally violent. The trained animal "bucked," stood on its hind legs till its back was perpendicular, tried to stand on the tips of its ears, jumped stiff-legged, laid down and rolled over, but arose every time with Rollo on its back. Finally it seemed to realize that it was foiled, for it wearily walked to the ringmaster and laid its head on his shoulder, as much as to say: "I cannot do it. Take me out of here as quick as you can. Maybe the little leech will not be here at the evening performance."

The man gave Rollo the gold piece, bowed to the wildly cheering amphitheater, and sent the discomfited mule out of the ring.

A year or two afterward several carloads of untamed mustangs from Western Texas were brought to the railway station not far from where Rollo lived, to be disposed of by auction. As it was during the summer vacation, Rollo attended the sale as regularly as the auctioneer himself. All the mustangs had been sold but one, and it would have been very time it was led out for inspection that no person would bid on it. It was a "claybank," with eyes showing wickedly white and such a careless way of flinging its heels that timid people climbed the fence. It was again led out by two men who had all they could do to manage it. The creature fascinated Rollo.

"All the other horses have been sold at from twenty to sixty dollars a head," began the auctioneer, from his stand in a cart. "How much am I offered for this 'Last of the Mohicans,' this Prince of the 'Perairies,' this King of all Mustangs? Who says one hundred dollars?"

"Five dol—"

"Sold! To that freckle-faced boy over there."

Every man in the crowd turned his eyes toward the embarrassed Rollo.

"Where's your money?" continued the auctioneer.

"Here, sir." And Rollo handed up a five-dollar gold piece worn smooth with months of service in his pocket.

"How are you going to get your horse home, my lad?"

"Ride him, if you will lend me a bridle."

"I'll give you the best bridle in the outfit if you'll stay on his back five minutes." "Put on your best bridle," responded Rollo.

Then the man relented: "You might get hurt if you try to ride that beast. Hadn't you better let me send him home for you—best bridle and all?"

"I'll take him home myself or leave him here."

"Then try him first in the pasture there, where the ground is soft," said the auctioneer, pointing to a large field into which a gate opened.

Rollo assented to this, and while three men with great difficulty put a handsome bridle on the mustang the spectators ranged themselves in a long line along the pasture fence, taking care to get on the outside of it.

"Not going to ride without a saddle, I hope," said one of the men.

"All I want is a surcingle, to get my toes under."

"All ready," said the man, a moment later.

"Then give me a lift."

As soon as Rollo was on the back of the mustang the men sprang out of the way. The creature stood perfectly still for a minute as if to collect its thoughts and recall some of its old-time Texan tricks. Then began a repetition of the circus performance. Hardly a square yard of the acre nearest the gate but was cut by four sharp hoofs in the next five minutes. After trying every method known to mustangs, and doubtless some new ones improvised for the occasion, and failing to unseat its rider, it lowered its muzzle to the ground and wanted to rest. But Rollo declined to have it that way. He now made it trot, gallop, canter and run until it fairly begged for mercy. When it was willing to be guided by his little finger, he rode slowly toward the gate that opened upon the highway. The auctioneer stood near the gate.

"The bridle is yours, my boy. And the boss says take this, too," said the auctioneer, tendering Rollo his gold piece. Seeing that Rollo hesitated, the auctioneer went on: "The boss says the show is worth the money and that you must accept it."

Surrounded by a noisy escort of boys of assorted sizes on foot, Rollo named his new purchase "Rio" and rode proudly home to surprise the folks. He accomplished his purpose to his entire satisfaction.

The railway station was two miles from where Rollo lived. The country store, the post-office and the blacksmith shop were there, and it was one of Rollo's duties to ride over every day for the mail, take the butter and eggs to the store and bring home domestic supplies if any were needed. The store, the post-office and the railway office were all under one roof, and the smithy would have been there, too, if there had been room for it. The merchant, postmaster, station-agent and blacksmith were combined in the person of old Mr. Macdonough, who had an efficient assistant, even to the blowing of the bellows, in Mrs. Macdonough.

Although Rio had traveled all the way from Texas by rail he had no liking for the cars. A locomotive he regarded as an abomination that no self-respecting mustang would stay in the same company with if there was any possible chance of escape.

One day Rollo rode up to the store with a basket of eggs on one arm and a bucket of butter on the other. While waiting for the proprietor or his wife to respond to his call, Rollo heard the far-away whistle of the train locally known as the "Cannon Ball." This train shot past small stations at the rate of a mile a minute. Rio pricked up his ears and began to paw nervously. Rollo would have ridden him back down the road, as he had often done before, and waited till the train had gone by, but Mrs. Macdonough came out just then to take his marketing. She had barely gotten it when there was another whistle, "nearer, clearer, deadlier than before." It was enough for Rio. He had heard all that he cared to hear, and in spite of all that his rider could do the mustang shot off straight down the center of the track at the top of his speed. Behind him the "Cannon Ball"; in front, two hundred yards away, a trestle six hundred feet long and twenty feet high, ending in a bridge half as long and forty feet above the rocky bed of a creek. On the bridge and trestle planks nine inches wide were laid in pairs with a space of two inches between, making a footway twenty inches wide and about nine hundred feet in length.

As soon as Mrs. Macdonough saw that the mustang was beyond Rollo's control she dropped the butter and eggs and screamed for her husband. He came running out of his shop, took in the situation at a glance, and shouted as he ran: "Wave the red flag, Martha! Wave it—quick!"

But the red flag had been misplaced. If Mrs. Macdonough had been a heroine she would have waved her red Scotch petticoat. Idlers on the platform stared alternately at the fleeing horse and the coming train. Both were in sight from the station, but a curve and intervening timber concealed Rollo from the engineer until his engine was opposite the platform. As the engine drew near the station there was a frantic waving of arms and hats, but as no danger signal was displayed the engineer paid no attention to the gesticulations and his engine came on with unabated speed.

As the locomotive passed the station the engineer caught sight of the horse and instantly whistled "down brakes." It was before the era of air-brakes, and the men sprang to their stations and strained at their brake-wheels with all their might; but it was evident that the heavy train could not be stopped on that grade till it had crossed the bridge.

The mustang was going over the narrow footway on the trestle at full gallop, and a single misstep meant death to Rollo

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beneath the wheels of the engine, or on the rocks below. He did not now try to stop the mustang. He simply sat erect in the saddle and stared Death in the face. But Death turned away from him. The mustang's heels and the engine's nose were within whispering distance of each other when Rio had crossed the bridge and sprang to one side. Without pausing, he leaped the fence that separated the right-of-way from a farm and only stopped when he reached the middle of a large field. The engineer tooted his congratulations, Rollo waved his hat in response and slowly rode back to the store by a safer though more circuitous route. Rio lived to be very old, as horses go, a pensioner on the bounty of the man whom he had capered with as a boy, dying finally of equine decrepitude.

JOHN A. CONWELL.

ZOAR, AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY CORA WILLIAMS.

ONE of the oddest little kingdoms in the United States is situated in Tuscarawas County, Ohio. It is peopled with Germans, who style themselves Zoarites. The sect was founded in 1817, by Joseph Bimler of Wurttemberg, Germany, who, Puritan-like, sought America to worship according to the dictates of his conscience. He was the acknowledged ruler of the community until his death, which occurred in 1853, and his followers still speak of him with the greatest reverence. Since his death there has been some change in the government. Instead of being governed by a single ruler, the affairs of the little nation are controlled by three trustees and five committeemen, who are chosen by ballot, the women being allowed the right of suffrage. The trustees hold office for a period of three years, and the committeemen five years. Their property is held in common.

The Scriptural meaning of the word Zoar is *small*, but, notwithstanding, they possess a farm of seven thousand acres and their estimated wealth is more than two million dollars. Never, since the existence of the colony, has a crime been committed by any of themselves, nor do they deem it probable that such can ever occur. All money is intrusted to the trustees, and is unused by the Zoarites, as all food, drink and clothing is furnished by the Board of Trustees and Committeemen.

They are a plain people and indulge in no luxuries whatever. They manufacture their agricultural implements, their leather, their hats, their furniture, etc., and though ever ready to sell wares, they seldom buy of the outside world. One bakery does the baking for all, one brewery the brewing for all. Each family is daily supplied with these articles, by having them brought to the door. They partake of food five times a day, the nine o'clock and four o'clock meals being "washed down" with beer. They are excellent cooks, and the meals are prepared in a scrupulously neat manner. On our first visit, the fence from the depot to the hotel was swarming with boys, but not a girl was visible until milking time, when as by magic they tripped from nearly every house to the cow-stable which is the most attractive place at Zoar. It is well built, well lighted, well ventilated, well drained, and contains one hundred and three milch cows, of the Durham and Holstein breeds. As they file from the pasture to the barn, each cow knows perfectly well to which stall she belongs, and should her memory fail her, she may read her name and date of birth above her rack of hay. When all have taken their respective places, a lever at one end of the long row of stalls is raised and lowered, which secured each cow's head in a stanchion.

The wonder of the stable at present is a patriotic red calf, born July 4, without a tail, which endured the fly season with as much fortitude as his fellow-creatures who are better provided. A sentence is written in chalk in this stall, besides the date and birth and Christian name of the wonderful calf, and in trying to decipher the characters the keeper assisted us by pointing to the script, saying: "A new patent," but it read, "A Nu Patn."

Thirty-four milkmaids took their stools, and in a short time their task was completed, which consisted of milking three cows each. Behind every third cow is a shelf, upon which are two shining tin pails, scoured weekly, two small red wooden tubs, a looking-glass and comb. Below, hang snow-white cloths, and the milkmaid's apron. The milk is carried in the little red tubs to an adjoining building, and from this place the community receive their daily supply of milk, butter and cheese. The cows are driven to pasture after each milking time, and faithfully watched by a man and two boys, who are selected by the trustees for the space of one week.

The girls are compelled to do the milking, and are only relieved of the task through marriage.

"Why not take a husband and avoid this duty?" said I to a flaxen-haired lass.

"She replied, in a melancholy tone: 'It isn't so easy to marry.'"

When marriage is thought of the consent of trustees and committeemen must be obtained and the affair seriously weighed by the parents of the contracting parties. If a conclusion is reached that it would be wise and well, a Justice of the Peace is summoned and the marriage rites performed. The parents of either bride or groom give the married pair a home under their roof for one year, at the expiration of which time the trustees have arranged a home for them. Celibacy was formerly practiced, but has since been abandoned.

The population is decreasing in numbers, and ere many years have passed the little sect will be extinct. Children are born only every fifth year. When a death occurs, the carpenter nails some pine boards together, paints them black, and lo! he has a casket. A spring wagon drawn by a black and a white horse bears the remains to the little mound on the hill beside the church. This quaint little edifice was built in 1853, of red brick, and stands on an eminence overlooking the hamlet below. A row of untrimmed pines surround the sanctuary, and mournfully sigh and sigh. The remainder of God's Acre is planted with peach trees.

There are two doors leading into the church, and it has always been the custom for the men to enter at the right and the women at the left. It is heated by four little low stoves placed in the corners of the room, with the stovepipes running diagonally across to the upper corners. Their religion is of the Moravian principle, and their authority for communism is based upon Acts iv., 32: "And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul; neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possessed was his own; but they held all things in common."

English is taught in their school three days of the week and German two days. The carp pond is a natural basin, dotted with three hundred immense white geese. The flower garden and greenhouse contain almost every variety of flora arranged in tasteful designs, which show the Zoarites' love for art.

They live closely huddled together in log houses, plastered on the outside and roofed with tile, and most of them in a dilapidated condition. Grape-vines clamber about tiny porticoes, and it is difficult to distinguish the front from the back door, as each is bounded by a street or alley. Through the door, standing ajar, it is not an uncommon sight to see a sheet of noodles hanging on the banister, drying for the noonday soup.

The Wheeling and Erie Railroad, and the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad bring hundreds of excursionists to see Zoar, and have done much to destroy their former love of seclusion. Disbanding is being talked of. The younger ones are not satisfied with the plain customs, and long for ruffles and frills, which are denied them; but the constitution is such that as long as three remain together they shall have the property entire. When weary of the society, any member may leave; but he cannot take any property with him. To become a Zoarite proof of a good character must be furnished, and afterward taken on one year's probation.

A large hotel accommodates summer

boarders. The Ohio Canal does a thriving business, and the Tuscarawas River adds much beauty to the romantic farm, winding in and out, with its high rocky banks, and its shell-covered peninsulas jutting here and there. Coal, iron, flour and wine are the principal exports.

In dress, a plain blue calico frock and a home-made straw hat characterize the female portion.

They indulge in no recreation, do not possess a carriage or buggy of any kind, and the wagons are not unlike the Pennsylvania moving wagons of fifty years ago, painted blue, and higher at each end than in the middle. They possess one hundred and sixty large, lazy, fat horses.

A visit to this place cannot fail to be interesting, and hospitality is a prominent trait of character.

JACK O'LEARY'S LOVE AFFAIR.

A RESTAURANT ROMANCE.

"THREE off—brown," called one of the waiters, and Jack O'Leary greased the griddle. Outside the restaurant windows many lingered to watch the boy in a white uniform, his fluffy hair surmounted by a stiff, white sailor's cap, pour on the batter, nimbly turn each round cake twice, heap them, three apiece, on a heated plate, and set each order on the marble counter with a little pitcher of syrup, ready for the waiter.

Rich people, poor people, middling-between people, and positively penniless people, all pause during the week, sometimes during one day, before the window where Jack O'Leary baked the griddle cakes.

The matinee girls, with a half-smile for him, did not interest him much; the poor people, as a rule, loved him; poverty was an old story; the politician, the actor, the society woman, the shop-girl, what did he care for any of them?

One day, just about noon-time, when the musicians had climbed up by the little portable step-ladder into their circular loft that swung from the ceiling, Jack O'Leary saw a new face in the noon-time crowd outside his window.

It was not a beautiful face—it was too thin and meager in outline for that; but the expression of it went to his heart. He had just been cleaning the griddle, and, looking down into its shining black surface, he caught the reflection of his own smile. When he glanced up the girl was gone.

After that the day seemed rather dull. The musicians played some stirring and popular airs, and the young and imperious female person who acted as cashier, although manifestly several grades higher in the social scale than a young chap, clad in a white uniform, who only baked the cakes, let him understand plainly that she was willing, in spite of this, to call him friend; and proved the fact by inviting him to her birthday party.

Nevertheless, for some inexplicable reason, Jack felt that life was void and empty. That night he dissipated by going to a Bowery museum, wherein he flirted with a most remarkable freak, called "The India-Rubber Girl," and having been put out by the irate manager, proceeded dismally to his tenement lodging-house.

Next day as he baked he kept a sharp lookout for the little pinched face which had looked so wistfully through the window into his. At last he was rewarded by seeing the tip of a quill, which decorated the cheap Tam O'Shanter cap that she wore on her tousled locks; she was trying to edge her way nearer the window through the mid-day throng.

Jack O'Leary arose to the occasion. He moved to one side of the window, and there appeared to be very much occupied in performing some mysterious feat.

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The crowd shelved in that direction, and when he again resumed his position in front of the griddle the little girl almost had her nose pressed against the plate glass.

Jack nodded to her. Thus encouraged, she hesitated a few minutes, and, finally pushing open the heavy doors, she made her way to him.

"Is there anything for five cents?" she asked, hesitatingly, her eyes wandering from his kindly face back over her shoulder to the musicians who were executing some most delightful dance music.

"Oh, yes," he said, cheerfully, as he flopped over three nice brown cakes with decision and dispatch; "oh, yes, indeed, little sis. Didn't you see the man with the big white sign on his shoulders walking up Broadway? 'Cakes'—here he poured out a griddleful with exquisite calculation, nipping off an overlapping bit of dough with a dexterous dip of his tin ladle—'cakes, to-day, baked by Jack O'Leary, are only five cents.' And, little sis, if you'll take a seat, I'll stand treat for a plateful, and a cup of coffee in the bargain."

She looked wistfully, eagerly about. "Where?" she asked, timidly.

"Jones," said Jack to a tall, cadaverous individual who came up for an order of "browns," "Jones, seat this here lady friend of mine; serve her with cakes and coffee and hand the check to me."

"All right, Jack," said Jones. "It's me steady," whispered Jack to the goddess at the cashier's desk, as "little sis" timidly followed the tall waiter to a seat.

"She is a common-looking little beast," snapped the goddess, as she put a waiting customer's change down on the rubber mat with emphasis.

"Oh, ma honey, is yo' jealous?" laughed Jack, in fairly good dialect.

"Well, not of you, I can promise you."

"Jones," said Jack, solemnly, as that worthy came for little sis's cakes, "give her the heapingest pitcher of beaten cream for her coffee that you have in the shop. She's my steady."

"All right," said Jones.

When little sis came out toward the door Jack O'Leary bent to her and whispered: "What's your name?"

"Nettie Brown. I'm a cash at —'s."

"Where's your home?"

She gave him the number of a downtown tenement.

"All right; now scoot! The boss is lookin'." And Jack O'Leary went to baking cakes with renewed energy.

That night, when the alternate took his place, Jack went to his modest home and proceeded to make himself as lovely as possible. Then he set out to find "little sis." As he climbed the four flights of steps in the Bleeker Street tenement, according to directions, he heard a most unmusical medley of cuss words descending. Cash's parent in all probability, Jack knocked at the door and awaited developments. A ragged and brutal-looking man dragged himself across the room and opened it.

"Who in h— are you?" he demanded, drunkenly.

"Why, if it ain't me old pal!" cried Jack, in well-feigned ecstasy. "Well, I certainly am glad to see you. Look here, old fellow, chase yourself down and get a drink fer me and you at my expense—see?"

With a maudlin gurgle of delight the drunken brute seized on the proffered quarter, and was soon on his way to execute its welcome commission.

"Look here, little sis, this certainly is a mess. Why didn't you tell me your old man drank?"

Cash hung her head. "We hain't none of us ever likes to speak of our disgraces," said she, softly. "Will you come in —"

"Will you come in, Jack?"

Cash's mother, wrapped in an old plaid shawl, reclined on a heap of rags—called by a fine dinner, mother—cakes and coffee—in the tony place where they hes the music."

"It was very nice of him, I'm sure," said the woman, feebly. "Offer him a chair, Nettie."

Nettie dragged up a rickety wooden chair.

"I don't like to sit down when there's so much to do," said Jack O'Leary. "If little sis will help, we'll wash up the dishes and set the room to rights."


"It ain't for the likes o' me to be proud," said the woman; "but I don't mind sayin', if you don't find this to yer taste you kin git out."

"Oh, mother!" remonstrated little sis. "You heard what I said," yelled the mother, her bleared eyes beginning to flash; "if he ain't satisfied, he kin git."

Jack looked about. "Little sis," he said, "will you come to me place of work to-morrow? I hev something to tell you."

"Oh, yes, I'll come."

He went slowly to the door, and she



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followed him. "Don't fail to be there," he murmured; "I've a good surprise for you."

A little light of happiness stole into her sad eyes.

"I'll come at noon," she said, and closed the door after him.

He went slowly down the steps, pondering. He was very much worried to leave her there even for the night; but it seemed impossible to do anything else. On the corner he met a friend.

"Hello, O'Leary! How's your liver?"

"Fine," replied O'Leary. "I'm a contemplatin' of matrimony."

"Hully gee! Les hev a drink to de bride's health."

"Ain't goin' to drink no more," was the reply. "I'm goin' to settle down and be a family man."

Next night Jack watched in vain for "little sis." That night, as soon as he could doff his white uniform, he hurried to the Bleeker Street tenement. The father was sober enough now, and a Sister of Charity sat by the bedside whereon lay the poor little cash-girl of —'s. Her dull eyes lighted up when she saw Jack's merry face. He bent close to her and said: "I waited all day for you; I was goin' to take you out and get married. When you get well we'll go yet. I love you to beat the band, little sis."

She smiled feebly. "Jack," she said, "I want some flowers—roses and lilies-of-the-valley."

He dashed from the room and soon returned with them.

"Who done you, little sis?" he whispered, as he bent to place them in her hands.

"My old man; he threw me down the steps," she murmured, faintly. "But I loved I fell in the dark, for it'll save him from being took. I'm very weak, Jack."

The nurse pushed the boy away, and bent to administer some nourishment.

"I want Jack," cried the child. "I jest want Jack—no one else."

The beasty parents, huddled in the corner, did not speak; the nurse wisely made way for the boy.

"Don't give it away he killed me, Jack; promise me."

"I promise, little sis."

"Is you crying, Jack?"

Jack put his wet face down on hers for an answer.

"I am very happy, Jack; it's nice to die. I am so tired—oh, it is very nice to die. The flowers are pretty, Jack—"

She did not speak again. A little later the Sister of Charity lifted the boy from his knees, and kissed him on his broad and handsome brow. He did not smile. He only looked in dumb and speechless agony at "little sis," lying white and still with the flowers in her arms.

Then reaching silently for his hat he turned and left the room.

THE INDIAN BILL.

The Senate Committee on Appropriations completed the consideration of the Indian appropriation bill April 2. The bill has been before the committee since February 25. The delay in reporting it was occasioned by the committee's inability to reach a conclusion as to the proper course to be pursued in the treatment of sectarian schools for the education of Indian children. The House of Representatives inserted an explicit provision that none of the money appropriated for schools should be used in the support of sectarian schools, but provided for appropriations for the school at Hampton Roads, Va., and for Lincoln Institution at Philadelphia. The Senate Committee did not amend the House provision declaring against sectarian schools, but struck out the appropriations for the Philadelphia and Hampton Roads schools, the former amounting to thirty-three thousand dollars and the latter to twenty thousand dollars. The Senate Committee also increased the appropriation for the purchase or lease of school property to the extent of one hundred thousand dollars, making the total appropriation for this purpose one hundred and forty thousand dollars. The purpose of this increase is to supply means with which to purchase the property of sectarian

institutions devoted to the education of Indians. The appropriation for the support of day industrial schools was also increased to the extent of one hundred thousand dollars, making the total for this purpose one million two hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars.

PROTECTION FOR CANADIAN DEER.

Mr. Gibson's measure to avert the destruction of deer has passed the Ontario Legislature. It provides that those who shoot with dogs shall pay a license of five dollars, and those without dogs of two dollars. Mr. Gibson says that without restrictive legislation there is danger of the deer soon becoming extinct in Ontario. Parties, he said, go out destroying them in large numbers, and selling them to the lumber camps.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.


Some features of the engineering work upon the Nicaragua Canal were discussed before the House Committee on Commerce last week. Excavating and dredging were discussed by Lindon W. Sales, who described the dredging machines and dredging operations on the Chicago drainage canal, and asserted that with the same machinery and methods the work on the Nicaragua Canal could be done for less than the company's estimates. The construction of the canal, he said, would inaugurate a new era for the Pacific Coast and greatly increase the earnings of the railroads of that section.

EXPORTS FROM BRITISH MANUFACTURING CENTERS.

The exports from Sheffield, England, to the United States for the first three months of 1896 amounted to \$32,220, compared with \$363,010 for the same period of 1895. The exports from Bradford, England, to the United States during the month of March were valued at \$1,560,000, compared with \$2,455,000 for the same period of 1895.

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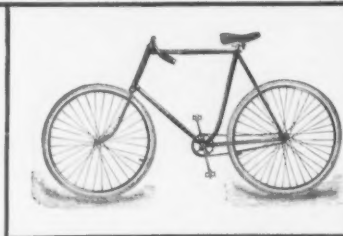
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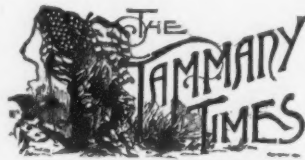
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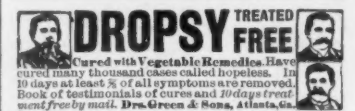
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